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THE HIGHER FOOLISHNESS

THE HIGHER FOOLISHNESS

*With Hints as to the Care
& Culture of Aristocracy;
followed by Brief Sketches
on Ecclesiasticism, Science
& the Unfathomed Universe*
by DAVID STARR JORDAN

Ignorance is the most delightful
science in the world because it is
acquired without labor or pains
and keeps the mind from melan-
choly. — GIORDANO BRUNO

The supreme mystery is why any-
thing is. — P. F. JERNEGAN

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To

THOSE WHO, "THINKING WISHLY,"
STILL HOLD "THE WILL TO BELIEVE."

PREFATORY NOTE

The origin of this little book needs a word of explanation. It arose from my imaginary "Annals of the Astral Club of Alcalde," printed in the *Popular Science Monthly* and in *Science* during 1899 and 1900. These "Annals" dealt with certain phases of belief or assertion grouped together under the head of "Sciosophy," a term explained in the text. Within recent years, in several extempore addresses, I have contrasted Sciosophy with Science. Informal reports of these talks, prepared by myself, were published in several journals, *Science*, *Better Health*, *The Pan-Pacific Magazine* and the *Scientific Monthly*. I must therefore make acknowledgment to Dr. James McKeen Cattell and to Dr. Celestine J. Sullivan for permission to draw more or less on matter already in print. To this, however, a great deal of new material has been added in the present volume; and the text has been revised accordingly throughout.

The chapter dealing with Aristocracy and the one entitled "The Master Key of the Universe" appeared in substance in the *Scientific Monthly*.

As always, I have to thank my wife, Jessie Knight Jordan, for a prodigious amount of helpful criticism and actual collaboration.

D. S. J.

Stanford University, California,
April 1, 1927

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PART ONE

CHAPTER I

WITH REFERENCE TO PHANTOMS AND THEIR
SCIOSOPHIC ACTIVITIES

The Basuto refuses to walk by a stream lest a crocodile should seize his shadow and consume it.—HERBERT SPENCER.

There is no particular ghost in which I believe, but the effect of all ghost stories is to make me believe in them.—IMMANUEL KANT.

THE motive of this discussion is found in the words of the Florentine, Giordano Bruno, an eminent man of science who, for varied expressions deemed improper by his countrymen, especially for his insistence that “above the earth there is nothing but space and stars,” was appropriately punished in Rome in the year 1600. “Ignorance,” said Bruno, “is the most delightful science in the world, because it is acquired without labor or pains and keeps the mind from melancholy.”

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Ignorance, however, is effective only when properly organized with a basis of logic and of feeling, the former being of the nature of cement to hold together the results of intuition. In line, therefore, with Bruno's dictum and to meet a want long felt, the present writer coined the word "Sciosophy" to stand for "systematized ignorance." The new term appeared in a review entitled "The Spontaneous Activity of Shadows," published in *Science* on May 12, 1899. Afterward, under the head of Sciosophy, he brought together a host of detached phenomena and fragments of philosophy, ranging very widely in expression and in subject-matter, but all connected by a single bond of union—dependence on logic in association with emotion and intuition.

Somewhat later, certain sciosophic tendencies were summed up by Israel Zangwill as "the Higher Foolishness," a designation borrowed for the present dissertation. Zangwill used the phrase in connection with the alleged fact that thousands of good people in England "have only to hear of Buddhism to become converts to it." Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin spoke of one essential factor in Sciosophy as "thinking wishly," a method of reasoning which received the mysterious cognomen of "thobbing"* from the pen of Henshaw Ward, and which may be again defined as a form of reasoning

*See Chapter II, page 61.

The Nature of Sciosophy

in a circle.* But Sciosophy is capable of reasoning in many circles. Its potency lies in organization; in union there is strength; and while system adds little to truth, it often makes it accessible as well as respectable.

The term Sciosophy is older than its rivals, of broader range of significance, and of plainly classical derivation,—that is, from the Greek *skia*, shade, and *sophos*, wisdom. Dealing with detailed activities of shadows, it means, by direction, “the wisdom of shades,” and, by inversion, the “shadow of wisdom,”—this double implication being important, as we shall presently see. The Greek name for the squirrel, *skiouros*, “shadow-tail” (the squirrel using its tail as a parasol), is derived from the same root.

Sciosophy in action is called magic; latent magic is mystery. Sciosophy is not derived from tested and verified human experience, because life is short and humanity demands quick returns. It recognizes no relation of cause and effect, for these are mere human devices. Instruments of precision—the telescope, microscope and scalpel, logic and mathematics—are not needed in Sciosophy. Its processes are instantaneous and intuitional, while all scien-

*And why not reason in a circle? The circle is the most perfect of all geometric figures except the sphere, and the latter is made up of an infinite number of great circles, besides a still greater assemblage of smaller ones.

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tific tests on the contrary are slow and laborious. It is indeed idle to wait for these when tradition, analogy, impulse, imagination are all at hand pointing straight to truth or at least indicating that one conception is as good as another, if not better.

My interest in Sciosophy, or more exactly in creating a word to define it, was especially stimulated by a volume called—in the English translation—*Posthumous Humanity, a Study of Phantoms*, written by Dr. Adolphe D'Assier, a member of the Academy of Sciences at Bordeaux. In this remarkable work are given many illustrations of the spontaneous activity of ghosts, of astral doubles and even of ordinary shadows. It is, in fact, as the author asserts, a complete “fauna of the shades” in which are included all manner of wraiths, shadows and phantoms, some of them derived from astral doubles and still others due to the expulsive force of the sun.

The nature of such creatures is easily understood without the use of the tools of precision; here, as elsewhere in Sciosophy, instruments are quite unnecessary except for the purpose of impressing the spectator. It is now universally known that all animals and plants are built up of cells or chambers, each one charged with magnetic life-jelly or protoplasm. These cells are never completely filled with

The Astral Body of the Jelly Fish

that substance, which is, in reality, not a fluid, but a vivified network like a skein of tangled yarn. Into the cell with its net-work, according to high authority, the "odic" forces penetrate, and by their entanglement and permeation build up, within, a form corresponding in all respects to that of the creature as a whole. It is, however, not the original, but its double or negative, technically known as the "astral body," solid only when the cell is empty and empty when the cell is solid. This theory is amply verified by the observations of Mr. William Quan Judge of Madras, a leading sciosophist and eminent expert in occult zoölogy, who has discovered that "the body of the jelly fish is almost pure astral substance," while the juiceless plants of the desert contain only a modicum of the precious jelly.

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Reverting now to the classical work of Doctor D'Assier, he has conclusively shown that even inanimate bodies have their doubles or phantoms, as well as men and beasts. It is a matter of ancient observation that cliffs and trees show shadows as distinct as those of man. The charm of the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is beyond question. That shadows may be detached and yet hold a sort of life of their own is, of course, well authenticated. One J. M. Barrie of Edinburgh, writing of a boy curiously named "Sentimental Tommy," relates that once in running, the lad turned a corner so suddenly

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that he "dislocated his shadow." It is easy to see how such an accident might possibly occur, though not frequently, I think. R. L. Stevenson, also a Scotchman, tells of a boy who lost his shadow and of the embarrassments he suffered in consequence.

There is no doubt, therefore, that the shadow of a man or of a tree is an objective reality as much as a man or a tree itself. Phantoms are driven from their original status by the expulsive force of the sun. "The huge conical shadow of the earth which reaches beyond the moon and is called night" is not merely absence of light. It is a stark reality, and for all we know may help to hold the moon in place. Its appearance marks the hour of phantoms when the odic and fluidic forces of the earth are concentrated. It is also natural that about midnight should be the assembling-time of phantoms of all degrees, which proves in reality to be the case. For at that hour most successful studies of the natural history of the shades have been accomplished. During the day a shadow is seldom seen far from its host. Toward evening, however, it asserts itself, stretching far more widely, and in sleep it often becomes altogether detached, to be more or less painfully recalled in the morning.

According to D'Assier, after the death of its host the shadow wanders freely and at will. But not for long. In from ten to twenty days it is reduced to

Hot Air and Heretics

primeval vapor. The ever-present fear of dissolution, moreover, often causes phantoms to become wildly excited. In spite of their freedom to move, also, they tend to linger about original haunts. In a few cases they find means to suck blood from living creatures, thus (as vampires) maintaining a precarious existence. It is asserted that the swiftest remedy for vampires is cremation. The testimony of peasants in Little Russia bears this out. And, plainly, if once drawn into a current of hot air, no phantom could ever regain its pristine form. Because of this fact, perhaps, burning at the stake was preferred in the Middle Ages to other penalties for lack of conformity. In any event it was a thoughtful precaution taken in the case of Giordano Bruno, already cited, by "timid friends of God," as Leonardo called the pious heresy-hunters of Italy,—as well as in that of Bishops Latimer and Ridley at Oxford, "in a ditch behind Balliol College," a half-century before.

The phantom's most common yearning, says D'Assier, "is to bid farewell to those who were its familiars." Yet this can be but one of many motives; and it is never safe to read our own emotions into the vagrant actions of poor disconsolate shades. The attitudes of fear, rage and vengeance, often ascribed to them, may be due to sheer despair, for at most a phantom's span of existence is very short.

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“Impending dissolution stares it, as it were, every moment in the face, and it may follow friend or enemy in the sole hope of drawing substance, either blood or shadow, in order to continue its existence. They can not last long at the best, nor is it right that they should do so; for if their status were indefinitely prolonged, as some have maintained, the world would long ago have become solidly full of phantoms,” and thus for the amount of fluidic ether necessary for their production, we should be obliged to draw on some other universe, it may be in vain.

As our author wisely goes on to say:

“The perennial survival of shades would long ago have rendered this planet uninhabitable to us. The dead would occupy the place of the living, for the accumulation of spectres of the different tribes of the terrestrial fauna, heaped at the surface of the globe since the first geological epochs, would render the air irrespirable. We could not move, save in a dense atmosphere of ghosts. Now, chemical analysis has never shown in the air the presence of either of the immediate principles which enter into the constitution of a fluidic phantasmal form, elaborated in an animal economy. For our part, we bitterly regret that these venerable shades have disappeared.”*

**Posthumous Humanity*, page 176.

The Wraith and Its Ectoplasm

On this point D'Assier shows conclusively that the phantom or wraith of man "is the exact image of the person of whom it is the complement. Internally it presents the mold of all the organs which constitute the human framework. We see it move, speak, take nourishment, in a word, perform all the functions of animal life. But the extreme tenuity of the constituent molecules which represent the last unit of organic matter, permit it to pass through the walls of apartments. Nevertheless, as it is united with the body, from which it emanates by an invisible vascular plexus, it can at will draw to itself, by a sort of breathing-in, the greater part of the living forces which animate the latter—which then exhibits a cadaverous rigidity, its activity being transferred to the phantom." When death snaps the vascular plexus (may we term it ectoplasm?) the phantom definitely separates itself, becoming an independent wraith or shade.

Dr. Eliphas Levi, in his famous *Dogma and Ritual*, traces the career of shades still more closely than D'Assier, emphasizing the existence of two mortal bodies after death, the one heavy and confined to the earth, the other flitting about in the mediate atmosphere. "When a man has lived well," says Doctor Levi, "the astral corpse evaporates like a fine incense, mounting to higher regions. If the subject lived in crime, this phantom, retained as

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prisoner, seeks the object of its passions and tries to cling to life. But the stars breathe it and drink it (*les astres l'aspirent et le boivent*). It feels its intelligence grow feeble. Its memory is slowly lost; all its being must dissolve."

A well-authenticated record of the separation and independent life of a shadow is given by Mr. H. C. Andersen, of Copenhagen, a careful observer of occult phenomena. It appears that a Danish country gentleman of good family once lost his shadow, an experience which did not at first cause him any worry. Afterward, however, his serenity waned, for soon his strength began to ooze away and his clothing became alarmingly brittle, unable to stand the slightest strain. It too had lost its shadow! Still worse, while confined to his room, he got wind of strange pranks performed by his double which seemed trying to undo him by bringing him to ridicule. Finally, at a banquet, the phantom usurped the master's place at the head of the table. Then with burning indignation and by a supreme effort of the will, the gentleman recalled the rascally shade, to the endless mystification of his guests. After this effort more vigor returned and, to his delight, a new suit ordered direct from Rosenstein in Copenhagen, showed no deficiency in stamina, and was regularly accompanied by its corresponding shadow.

Schlemihl and His Shadow

More evidence, equally to be valued, comes from the recorded experiences of various other students of the occult, although their fields differ considerably from that worked by Mr. Andersen.

We next note the remarkable case of Herr Peter Schlemihl, as related by the noted Baron Adelbert von Chamisso, himself a man of science, the discoverer (while in the Russian service on the voyage of the *Rurik*) of our own California poppy, to which he gave the romantic name of *Eschscholtzia*, after his good friend, the surgeon Eschscholtz.

It seems that Herr Schlemihl, of Kunersdorf in Prussia, was once approached by a dignified stranger with long coat and tall hat, indeed a Master of Arts. This gentleman expressed to Schlemihl a desire to buy his shadow. A high price being named, it was promptly accepted. The stranger thereupon knelt upon the grass, rolled up his purchase, folded it neatly and thrust it into his knapsack, disappearing down the road between two hedges of roses, thus leaving Schlemihl himself absolutely nude so far as shadows are concerned.

Nevertheless, the poor man at first prided himself on his fine bargain, though afterward whispered words and doubtful glances warned him that he was a marked man. His anxiety over this fact gave him real discomfort. He accordingly set out one day to regain the lost shadow and after many adventures

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overtook the grave and serious individual to whom he had sold it.

Unfortunately, neither offers of money nor blows of the fist availed. To the former the stranger turned a deaf ear, and against the latter he shielded himself with the shadow, now lawfully his. To struggle for it, therefore, only served to damage the precious article. For this reason Schlemihl finally abandoned the effort, and when he died his friends remarked that he left no wraith to rustle through the old graveyard at Kunersdorf.

The distinguished and versatile poet-voyager who relates the story observes sagely that "an event had taken the place of an action, as has happened not infrequently in the world's history." This cryptic utterance is of itself typical of Sciosophy. If one meaning does not satisfy, hunt up another; at least two can always be found. That he could not nullify the event was supposed to be the cause of Schlemihl's failure, yet this does not of itself explain the physical discomfort. In that day such events were usually ascribed to Satan, a conclusion open to question, as the Devil who, in the Middle Ages, lurked in every dark corner, has now largely faded away in the brightening light of Sciosophy. At the most he is regarded as only the "fabled fancy of an elder world," the fluidic phantom of effete orthodoxy. The fact that the stranger was dressed in

Lycanthropic Vampires

black, which by transmitted light looked reddish, and that his breath exhaled a faint sulphurous aroma favored the common opinion. A highly concentrated odic aura probably accounts for this. Most such concentrations have a residual odor of sulphur. Rocks flung from the summit of the Matterhorn in Switzerland, supposedly by demons, were once said to give out the same odor.

It is now believed by adepts that the stranger himself was a lycanthropic phantom, or "shadow-devourer," who—being unable to suck the blood of Schlemihl—employed the shadow to strengthen his own fast-waning identity. Indeed, there are many traditions, especially among the peasants of Little Russia, of phantoms fading with hunger who satisfy their appetites in such uncanny ways. The very word "lycanthropic" (from *lykos*, wolf; *anthropos*, man) originated with the Greek priests and alludes to a habit of the wehr-wolf, the phantasmic double of the gray wolf of Europe. Now that the gray wolf is practically extinct in German forests, the wehr-wolf no longer appears; and its once familiar call of "willi-wa-wu, witu-hu" is no more heard in the depths of the Hartz Mountains.

Another type of wraith is that of creations which live only in the minds of great thinkers. One day, for example, Allan Kardec evoked the phantom of Tartuffe,

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“Tartuffe did not wait to be dragged out by the ears,” says Kardec, “but speedily showed himself in all his classical peculiarities. It was veritably the personage created by Molière, with his soft and hypocritical speech, his wheedling ways, his air of sugar-coated piety. When, after close examination, I was satisfied as to the phantom’s identity, I was transported with pleasure and said to it:

“ ‘By the way how is it that you are here, seeing that you never had any real existence?’ ”

“ ‘That is true,’ answered the spectre in the most contrite tone; ‘I am the spirit of an actor who used to play the part of Tartuffe. Tartuffe, being unable to show himself for a very good reason, sends an actor in his place.’ ”

Kardec again tells the fascinating story of a nest of goldfinches in a certain gentleman’s garden:

“The nest having disappeared, the owner became uneasy as to the fate of his little pets. Being a person of enormous animal magnetism, and, therefore, an adept in the calling and training of phantoms, he went through the usual ceremony of calling the wraith of the mother bird, who was seeking caterpillars in a neighboring tree. The shadow of the bird immediately came to him and replied to the anxious questioner: ‘Be quite easy. My young ones are safe and sound. The house cat knocked down the nest in jumping on the garden wall. You will

Tartuffe and the Deathless Phantoms

find them in the grass at the foot of the wall.' The gentleman hurried to the garden and found the little nestlings full of life, at the spot indicated.'"

Because both these stories are so fully authenticated, we must consider them in the light of our phantomic knowledge. As the birds themselves were living at the time, the projection of their shadow offers nothing incongruous, especially if it took place in the dusk of the evening, a detail which Doctor Kardec omits, but which we may readily supply. The natural anxiety of the mother bird would as it were lend the shadow wings, and her intensity of feeling would produce the effect of conversation. It is not likely that the bird actually spoke, for the incident took place in France, and no bird, not even the most refined parrot, has yet spoken French correctly, so far as I have ascertained. There are other ways of conveying information which an enlightened adept knows how to employ.

In the case of Tartuffe, the phantom may have been real and virtually immortal. It belongs to quite another class than the shadow phantoms. The creation of a great poet's brain has an objective existence which may be far more permanent than the shade of an ordinary actor. Doubtless the image formed in a brain having as gigantic an aura as that of Molière could so embody itself in astral pre-

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cupitates as to secure a life which might endure for centuries.

But it need surprise no one to meet the phantom of Tartuffe in real existence, so to speak. Surely the shades of Hamlet and Othello, of Cordelia and Cassandra, have a definite place among the psychical phenomena, just as surely as their names have a place in our literature. Doubtless at dusk the wraith of Shylock crosses the Rialto bridge, the specter of the melancholy Jacques may be perceived flitting disconsolately through the forest of Arden. Moreover, the sad plight of the phantom King of Denmark, for example, can not have failed to touch the hearts of all women of warm sensibilities. Indeed, the power of Shakespeare's genius is such that the ancient king and his devoted son are far more real than the mediocre flesh-and-blood people who cross our path in modern society.

We may also note in passing that the speech of Hamlet's father plainly shows him to be plunged in the depths of sorrow.

"The impression left on the mind," says D'Assier, "by the lamentations and the vain replies of the shades who succeed in making themselves heard, is always a sentiment of profound sadness." He compares the feelings of such a personage to those of a European transported suddenly and nakedly into the wilds of Australia, with just

A Wraith Throws Astral Stones

enough of his reason left "to have the feeling of his impotence and eternal isolation."

That phantoms can at times accomplish great material results is beyond question. Under the head of *The Geometry of Phantoms*, Doctor D'Assier makes the important observation that invisible projectiles hurled by a ghost "produce mechanical effects as great as if they were of large bulk." This, he explains, is due to the fact that "all bodies have their phantasmal doubles, which the shade can detach and grasp. The garments it carries, the objects it holds in its grasp, are phantasmal images borrowed from its former wardrobe or its former utensils. It is presumable that the same holds true as to invisible projectiles. In lieu of stones, ghosts throw their duplicates."

It may seem surprising that the shadow of a stone could harm any one or produce any sort of a physical commotion. But here we are to remember that it is not the weight of the object thrown which tells, but its momentum, that being its weight multiplied by its velocity. "Its live force at the moment of fall," says D'Assier, "is equal to half the bulk multiplied by the square of its velocity." Keeping this fact in mind, one sees readily that the velocity of living phantoms may be scarcely less than that of a flash of light. Their instantaneous apparition

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and disappearance prove this. The true wraith never deliquesces, as the old-fashioned ghost is said to do, but moves away with great celerity. It is plain, then, that however light of weight, a shadow becomes a terrible weapon when hurled with almost infinite velocity by a disembodied phantom. Indeed, the concussion may produce a very great shock if the shadow projectile be flung with sufficient force.

It is related, for instance, that in a castle in Franconia a phantom once entered the pantry, on a shelf of which stood the ancestral table-ware of the aristocratic house. Soon one heard a mighty crash of breaking dishes, although, on investigating, the *châtelaine* found everything in place. The truth was that an excited phantom had merely flung down the phantasms of the porcelain so vehemently that the noise reverberated to the outer walls of the castle. Apparently the wraith in question was that of a domestic who had been deeply reprovèd for breaking a favorite teacup and who, brought to death's door, took this method of expressing her feelings. But curiously enough the young woman whose phantom, loosed for the time, had caused the disturbance, recovered and lived to break many more pieces of rare crockery in other castles to which she was sent by the employment bureau of Nuremburg. From which we may conclude that her illness was due to a temporary breaking of the vas-

Echolalia and Personal Magnetism

cular plexus holding the astral double to the body, and that when the shadow came back from its rounds, her health returned.

It is in fact said to be certain that many disorders such as anemia, neurasthenia, echolalia and the like are due to the temporary absence of the astral shadow. It can be sought by direct means, and will usually be found engaged somewhere in absurd and freakish actions. An effective method of cure is to strengthen the degree of Personal Magnetism and to bring the shadow back by a strong effort of the will.

Somewhat in this connection I recall an interesting story brought locally to my attention a decade or so ago. In the Museum in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco, you can see the wooden image of a monstrous creature carved by the Indians of Queen Charlotte Sound to express some phase of their mystic devotions, but meanly stolen from them by a Norwegian sailor. Its makers therefore revenged their loss by a series of incantations so horrible that they took effect in the idol itself, "bringing sickness, shipwreck and failure upon all who touched it" during the voyage to San Francisco. Even now, while it rests on a shelf in apparent quiet by day, if left unguarded by night it shows its evil power in the smashing of vases and the overturning of bottles. The janitor who had charge

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of it for some time avers that once the object came to life, rose up and seized him in its clutches, so that only by the most violent efforts could he effect his escape.

Coming back to the subject of Personal Magnetism, some sciosophists claim it to be the most potent of all forms of fluidic forces. It was asserted by Mr. Judge, for instance, that the astral light of the imagination can form images of all imaginable things, and that these, by the magnetism of the will, can be clothed in matter through precipitation. Some objects, however, will readily fade away unless fixed by a permanent mordant. "The distinct image of every line of every picture or letter," says the author, "is formed in the mind, and then out of the air is drawn the pigment to fall within the limits laid down by the brain, the exhaustless generator of face and form."

Portraits reputed to be of this general nature were once shown to the writer in the city of Indianapolis. Conspicuous among them were those of Prince Condé and Rubenstein, executed with great detail, not in the spirit world exactly but under occult influences, by means of an instrument known as the pneumatic pencil. I was interested to see that even on the other side these famous worthies wear conventional dress; and, unfortunately for our mundane hopes, they shave every day! Condé, I

The Burro of St. Croix

learned, had taken up the practise of medicine on the other side.

Mr. Judge also says that "there is not a phantom extant which has not its double in tangible things. When the body decays the wraith disintegrates; when the tree falls, its shadow falls with it. Yet we have adequate evidence that this is not the case with humanity, or at least when persons of fame and distinction are concerned." According to the same author, "a genuine phantom can be established and preserved by the precipitation of fine forms of carbon on the image laid down by the brain."

Such an image could surely have no digestive apparatus, nevertheless no phantom is better attested than the donkey or *burro* of St. Croix which for several days after his death and burial was seen by several gentlemen wandering about in a field of grain cropping the fluidic shadows of the growing oats. Careful observations showed that the actual oats suffered no injury. But is it likely that the donkey would feed on oats unless it retained a stomach to receive them, whether actually digested or not?

It is quite probable that images formed in the brain have no anatomy; and though, no doubt, astral matter may be precipitated upon them in accordance with the observations of Mr. Judge and of

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myself as above indicated, the result is rather a picture than a phantom, because only the nearest side of the image can be thus actually presented. If Mr. Kardec had given close attention to the shadow of Tartuffe, he would have found it a flat bas-relief or spiritual cameo, instead of a figure in the round.

During the World War many appearances of wraiths were recorded. But in such disturbed conditions they might easily be confused with ordinary shadows, the condition of the human mind amid the crudities and brutalities being unfavorable to the perfect serenity of occult observation. In that period, however, a single incident, vouched for by the highest authority, comes to the front and demands explanation. A well-known resident of Los Angeles, driving along the streets of Vernon and Compton, two of the many suburbs of her city, noticed on the street a man of unbelievable shabbiness. His manner matched his attire and the kind lady stopped to inquire concerning his evil plight. There then suddenly appeared on the sidewalk an elegantly dressed woman ("tailor-made," as the phrase is) who in agonized tones shouted, "Don't let him do it! Don't let him do it!"

Being asked what he had in mind, the man explained sadly, that he was penniless and hopeless and on the way to drown himself in the sea at Hunt-

The Tailor-Made Wraith

ington Beach. Filled with sympathy the friendly *Angeleña* gave him some good advice, and what was more acceptable, good money. The tailor-made individual, on her part, suddenly vanished. The beggar did not see her at all, it appeared; but from the description he recognized the phantom as his own mother, many years deceased. This story shows the wraith, so long a matter of pious belief, to be really a scientific fact, demonstrated at least once by daylight within the city limits of Los Angeles, where such intrusions are certainly not the rule.

The incident also gives a clue to the remarkable fact that a wraith or detached astral body wears well-made clothing. All ordinary wraiths thus far recorded (and there are many) seem to be properly dressed, else, indeed, they would be run in by the police. That they show presentable attire is due to the astral substance which fills the cloth-cells of all garments. Phantoms *must* use appropriate clothes, else their appearance would shock even the adept, a large percentage of adepts being ladies, I understand.

Celestial visitants, also, probably garb themselves, as a rule, in raiment traditionally suitable to their calling. On this particular point I have no detailed information. I may, nevertheless, cite an outstanding case of heavenly apparition reported from the French front during the war. Many of my

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readers will, indeed, recall how at one time the figure of an angel was said to have appeared in the heavens, seeming to urge "the brave heroes in the trenches to carry on." Officers and men were consulted as to this vision and few admitted that they too had not seen it. Yet after the incident had passed into history a vivacious London humorist insisted, perhaps even boasted, that he had invented the "Angel of Mons" as a joke, at the same time presenting documents to prove his statement. But the natural answer is that the very Angel of Mons herself inspired him to write as he did. He thus gave her the needed publicity, for there are few adequate channels of communication between this world of strife and confusion and the unchanging stars. The vision of Constantine, *In hoc signo vinces*, which changed the history of all Europe (by making the cult of a group of devout Hebrews secular as well as spiritual and endowed with authority in both this world and the next), will at once come to mind as a somewhat parallel case.

Many tales of ghosts and phantoms may, of course, be found in the literature of Southern Europe and of White Russia as well as in that of Northern India. In the present volume, however, no extracts have been made from avowed works of imagination, our purpose being only to quote from

Only Serious-Minded Ghosts

authors intent solely on relating incidents personally verified to their own satisfaction. The reader will therefore miss from these records the names of Ovid, de Maupassant, Paul Bunyan, Alarcon, Poe, Mary Godwin and Jacques de Voragine, the author of *La Légende d'Or*. Yet the well-authenticated tales referred to should amply illuminate the captivating methods of sciosophic research.

Nevertheless, even while confronted by all these records and countless others, we may well heed the wise words of Doctor D'Assier himself who warns us "not to be deceived by appearances, and to be on our guard lest in exploring the domain of the shades, we may take a shadow of reasoning for reasoning itself." For, as a wise sciosophist has observed, "Logic as well as magic has its phantasmal doubles, and when Truth dips wearily under oblique suns, the two are apt to range far apart."

CHAPTER II

CERTAIN PRINCIPLES OF SCIOSOPHY

*The cell is an illusion; it is simply a word; thus it is with the body; so it is with the Earth and the Solar System—*WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE.

A philosophy that can expel matter from the Universe can easily insert God into it.—PRESCOTT F. JERNEGAN.

HAVING given a few examples of facts and problems to be solved by Sciosophy only, I may now take up the theory on which these solutions are based. This I attempt largely following sometimes the language and more often the thought of an epoch-making address by one of its leading exponents, known by the pen name of "Abner Dean of Angels."

Sciosophy is not a science nor yet a philosophy. Child of each and parent of each, it is not wholly either but greater than both. It first demonstrates that matter rests on mind, matter being merely sensory contact, transitory and unreal. On mind it depends for recognition, and recognition is its sole existence. Its alleged laws are mental channels only, the grooves through which the spirit passes. With

The Ocean of Sciosophy

your will you can cut such grooves; you can frame your own laws. As the heavens surround and include the earth, so does Sciosophy or unfettered thought surround and include all of humanity. It is that ocean of knowledge that spreads from shore to shore in the advance of sentient beings, unfathomable in the deepest parts, though shallow enough on its shores. Though the systematism may be new, the elements are not. The stones of Venice were rocks, of course, ages before Venice rose from the sea. They awaited the builder whose genius should transform rock into palace and who from the quarry should evoke San Marco. Thus Sciosophy awaits through the centuries the magic touch which arouses to life the dead bones of its categories and its statistics.

The Greeks held many of the basal ideas of Sciosophy, the Arabs also, while the Hindus laid stress on little else; and thinking teachers of all ages and climes who view earthly forms as emanations of the spirit have frequently anticipated some of its many axioms. At the voice of the prophet these ideals rise as an exhalation of fragrant incense.

Sciosophy is of two types: the backward-looking, the basis of which is found in past inspiration, and the forward-looking, which, trusting in present inspiration, needs no basis anywhere. The first type

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clings firmly to tradition, our recollection of the guesses made by able men of the past, men who knew only what they saw, or thought they saw, and to whom the vistas of the telescope and microscope were alike unknowable. The other, much more flexible, entertains all forms of knowledge or of fancy, and knows no bounds of any sort. But however different in appearance or in drift, these two forms of Sciosophy come around to the same point. The first tends to identify itself with religion, which it envelops in a cloak of superstition, making it a merit to believe what common sense seems to deny. The second is more ambitious, though less militant. It scoffs at tradition and religion, especially at the transparent and unquestioned faith which has so long given solace to common folk and which includes no element of the occult, though sometimes entangled with the incredible.

The three basic principles of Sciosophy, according to Mr. Dean, may be categorically stated as follows:

“1. Truth exists only in terms of human experience. ‘The thing we long for, that we are.’ This accords with Lessing’s dictum that ‘it is not the truth in his possession, but the search for truth,’ which gives value to man’s belief. In other words, Absolute Truth exists only in the absolute expression of the Universal Mind;

Value of Organized Speculation

“2. Whatever is true must somehow come into my thought. I must think it, else it is not true. This accords with the great axiom of Descartes—‘I think, therefore I am’;

“3. Conversely what I think is true, and therefore what is true to me is part of the Universal Truth. This follows from the discovery by Bishop Berkeley that one thing is as real as another if as clearly apprehended; and its application to all things brings the Universe within the transcendent domain of organized speculation.”

“Through all the ages,” Dean remarks, “men have striven to carry thought into action. All thought which can not be thus treated, they scorn as unpractical. Because they can not use it in their business, they will have none of it. But a higher aim is to carry action into thought, to bathe sensation in cognition, to dissolve low actuality in the plane of the higher possibility.

“To this end man should believe all things—the impulse from within as well as the impact from without. No dream is too fair, no speculation too bold, no hypothesis too hazardous, no sensation too weird for the wise man’s acceptance. The more occult beliefs he cherishes, the greater foundation for higher astral credence. The courage of acceptance is the glory of Sciosophy.

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“In all this exaltation of faith, however, a certain danger lurks. Beware of authority, whatever its name or nature. Whether it come with the sacred sanction of religion or with the strident tongue of materialism, reject ever its claims. Trust no assertion, no convention, no tradition, no investigation. The Council of Nice and the Royal Society are all the same to you. What men agree upon loses its occult value; its efflorescence has perished in the dust of compromise. Only heresy is truth. The conventions of priest, scientist and clod-hopper hamper the soul alike. Shun science, shun orthodoxy, shun wealth, the trio of deceivers who have stolen the birthright of man; these be the sisterhood of delusions that linger, cloudlike, between humanity and the Karmal light of the ever-toiling stars.

“The curse of orthodoxy, be it in religion or science, lies not in its beliefs but in its methods. It subordinates the soul to objective, collective beliefs to which it arrogates the name of truth. Its teachings, indeed for the most part, are consistent with Sciosophy. The evil lies in its fetters. That which does not bind you may be precious. The orthodoxy of Ceylon or Baluchistan you may therefore adopt without reproach. If you have not read your creed, so much the easier to accept it, and its occult meanings will yield you a wealth of new ideas.

Shun Dogma not Knowing the Dog

“New ideas only can be made true. Only the will created the world out of nothingness. Only volition enters at the gate of Nirvana. What men have asserted has already perished; the schools, the churches, the laboratories, deal alike with dead things. They have no reincarnation into life’s fruitage. We yield to the dominion of Matter and Force when we should bring Matter and Force, as humble servants, to our feet. We ride on railway trains rather than flutter the pinions of the soul. The tyranny of the telegraph, with its elaboration of telegram, day letter, night message and night letter, we bear for the most part with composure, nay, even with gratitude! If a wanderer in regions more or less remote from home must be reached for any reason, we depend on a metallic cable over which by means of electric batteries, magnets and sparks, messages are conveyed across the ocean from one end to the other. This occurs so frequently that even the most skeptical never doubt the fact. But why use the cable at all? What occult power lurks in metal? Why work always on the material plane? Why not use the air? The air indeed has been used and with wonderful success. But why stop there? Why not penetrate ether, along which so many forms of energy are propelled. Why not call into play at the same time the boundless sympathy of life? For if you stop to think a

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moment, is anything else quite as easily worked as the throbbing heart and eager sympathy of man? May not his astral be even more susceptible?

“If, therefore, gentle reader, you are in love deeply, seriously, astrally, you need not wait for letters or even telegrams. Sitting in your room alone in darkness, by intense thought and irresistible volition you can set the whole ether of the world in palpitation with your dreams and desires. To your thought the ‘sensitive’ you love will respond. Her astral brain will register your ether throbs. ‘It is my wish’; that is enough for her. But you can do even more, if we may trust the records. Your own astral body can be sent across the ocean on the vibrant medium so that it will appear to her in dreams or as part of her waking life. Absence of body may of course be somewhat inconvenient to you, because one must sleep or suffer during such an interval. It will, however, be a source of joy to her; it may plead your cause, also, in ways impossible to mere protoplasmic bodies. That such experiences are not imagination or illusion we have abundant testimony,—that is, if the word of men, unverified by instruments of precision, will convince you. ‘Thought and ideas,’ we are told, ‘can be impressed on consciousness in solid chunks’ without waiting for words or clicks or for a limited train to convey them. There are thousands of records

The Purple Vintage of Humanity

which state that it has been done over and over again.

“To untrammelled transcendentalists, wherever banded together, we must look for the purple vintage of the future. Such are the brave souls who scorn matter and matter’s laws, who rise above nature’s methods. They are the Mahatmas of our sceptic age, the reincarnation in Psychic Society, in Karmal Club, in Astral Association and Atmal Initiates of the djinns and genii of the past. In their hands time and space will lie at last like plastic wax, and the tales of Thor and Jupiter, all that wanton weaklings have called mythology, it shall be theirs to recall.

“‘There were giants in those days,’ it is said. There shall be giants again. Not in mere size perhaps, for the body of Goliath was the cumbersome shield of a dwarfed personality; but giants in power, demi-gods and archangels, whose lightest thought shall shame every boasted achievement of science.

“And now at the end of the longest, darkest, noisiest and most helpless of all the centuries of time, shall the lost life begin again, the lost mysteries of the human priesthood be recovered, the lost aureole of Man’s youth become the glory of humanity’s ripened age!”

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"In boyhood's rosy dawn," continued the sage of Angels, "I lived in Kennebunkport, Maine, and as I wandered over hill and dale, by forest and sea, my mind was occupied by questions of what may be and what might be in the universe, what its limitations really are, and whether these limitations indeed exist.

"My parents, practical Yankee-folks that they are, said that I was dreaming and doubtless they were right, for through my dreams I learned that dreaming is the sole reality. It is one of the great world principles that whatever I think becomes real with my thought. Thought is reality, and the material stuff the vulgar call 'the real thing' is to the enlightened mind less than the 'baseless fabric of a dream.'

"For example, I used to ask myself what I would do were there no law of gravitation. What if it worked in some way unknown to Newton's concept? What if I could myself alter it that it might serve my will? Then things would be very different from what they now are, or appear to be. So in my thought I made them different. How high I leaped in those days! How I played battledore with the stars and carved my name on the silver-sided moon! For I understood as a child and contented myself with childish things.

"Then I turned to other supposed material facts

Celestial Geometry

or laws. What if friction were suspended? How I then could slide over the curved surface of the horizon! What joy to hold the laws of combustion in my hand! What wealth, could I turn one metal into another, or both into the primitive-mind-earth stuff or protyl,* from which all men and all metals and all dreams are made. O, for the touch of gold, the bottomless mine of silver, the genius at whose astral enchantment all dreams come true! What if the stars could tell me their secrets, all they have looked upon and all that has looked on them?

“As my mind grew more subtle I asked: What if the straight line be not the shortest distance between two points? What if the longest way around be really the shortest way home? What if space have other dimensions than length, breadth and thickness? As these three enclose matter, may they need other three to enclose mind? Here I stumbled on the truth of the astral body and the shadow phantom, as in other speculations I had touched on alchemy and astrology. And with all these I had wandered into the field of the celestial geometry, above and beyond all Quaternions, the mathematics that has no limits and yet no name, the measurement not of land and lumber, but of the astral spheres.

“Since those days I have traveled far from the shores of Maine, through scenes shifting and

*See page 69.

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stirring, till in my old age I have come to rest under the singing pines. But during all these days my real life has lain in these problems and these questionings. When I laid down my pick and shovel on the banks of the green Stanislaus, I came to the true meaning of reality. And to my boyish guessings as to what I would do were things that we know other than what they seem, or were things we know not clear before our eyes, arose at last the majestic cosmoid of Sciosophy. As material science works with microscope and scalpel or with pick and plow, so must spiritual science work with the finer tools of astral thought in its analysis and synthesis of the fundamental entities of creation. These tools and methods do not soil the hands or materialize the soul.

“Would you change the law of gravitation? Then change it! You have only to assert yourself. If you just have the courage to try, you may remove mountains, as they say men did of old. Mind is matter’s king, matter vassal of mind. So under the force of mind, matter will change or vanish.”

Thus Abner Dean. Another protagonist of transcendentalism puts it all in a nutshell, so to speak:

“The radium of spirit penetrates, dissolves and disperses the substanceless shades or images of the mental concept, the counterfeit man and the counterfeit universe, and discloses the divine reality and spiritual verities of being.”

Jargon Rampant with Meaning

Utterances like this, sneeringly designated as "meaningless jargon" by the reactionary, are rampant with significance to the opened soul.

A very different but perhaps not wholly inconsistent sciosophic outlook may be discovered in the now popular mechanistic theory of the universe, both in cosmic and organic reaches. Its essential proposition states that every action of men or animals is "determined by the conditions preceding it in such a way that all action could be predicted from a knowledge of these conditions." It is therefore evident that one has no chance of altering anything which was predicated before he came into existence. Even one's aspirations to guide aright his daily life and to help organize society "are mere sickly longings to oppose the course of nature; quite without effect on the course of events." This, however, leaves us only on the threshold, for——

"According to the doctrine in its perfection, the universe as a whole or any limited example of it is a set of particles of one or a few kinds, moving according to certain few invariable laws. . . . The process of transformation of the groupings is evolution. From examination of any small sample of the universe, at any time, it is possible to discover the laws of action for all its parts and for all periods. Consequently after such an examination

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of the configuration and motions of the particles at any given moment, the clever observer, armed with an adequate computing machine, could compute and therefore predict the entire course of Evolution, all that will occur or exist at any later time. . . . We require but few observations of the particles. The rest is a matter of computation, of reasoning. Science ought quickly to leave its toe-touch with observation, with experiment, and soar away. . . . From a sample of the universe, we *ought* to be able to reason out the rest.”

The crude notion of cause and effect, so cramping to material science, is cast aside in Sciosophy. It discards all precedent. Its propositions may accordingly be proved by inversion, a simple process unknown to materialistic logic. Thus the founder of a popular cult asserts: “There is no pain in truth, therefore there is no truth in pain. There is no nerve in mind, therefore no mind in nerve. There is no matter in good, therefore no good in matter.”*

The function of inversion is succinctly justified by the same author in the following original observations: “As a star is the same whether seen from the North, East, South or West, so a precept must be

*A rather ironic effort in the same direction appeared once in a London journal: “What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind. What is the soul? It is immaterial.”

Evil Dreams Dispelled by Inversion

the same as seen from every side. To invert is not to change its meaning but to prove its truth."

"The popular gods," continues this writer, "Sin, Sorrow and Sickness, the three S's of Satan, are all illusions of the Sinful Soul. The very word *illusion* proves their nothingness. These are but troubled dreams of the darkened soul and to rise above them is to awake from a cataleptic nightmare to see the stars shining on the hills. When troubled by a horrible dream one has only to say: 'This is a dream: I will awake.' Then the stars will shine through the open window and the hideous vision will disappear. So in afflictions of disease and dread and death, one must say: 'This is a dream.' Then it becomes a dream and we rise above it into an atmosphere of Perfect Serenity."

The fountains of the soul, once flowing, know no limitation of time and space. Esoteric dreams solace the future. Absent treatment tastes better than present medicine. Denial of materialism proves spiritual value. Sciosophy, like all truth, demands to be set to work.

"To cure men of all ills whatever," further says the same modern prophet, "we have only to show them the stars. When we waken in the night, only the light of the stars can tell us that we are awake. When we are awake all dreams must vanish, and all is dream which breaks the serenity of the

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mind. . . . We need not deal with the body for the body does not exist. It is dull, heavy and aching, because it is dead residuum of dream. When we forget it, it is no longer there. . . . The body says 'I am ill.' The reports of sickness may form a coalition with the reports of sin and say 'I am malice, lust, appetite, envy, hate.' Treat a belief in sickness as you would sin, with sudden dismissal."

To this, in sublimely cryptic fashion, is added another great principle:

"The equipollence of the stars above and of the mind below shows the awful unreality of evil."

As to the verity of this proposition, can any one harbor a reasonable doubt?

In a similar vein Mr. Judge remarks: "The cell is an illusion; it is merely a word; thus it is with the body; so it is with the earth and with the Solar system." To put it more tersely, in the words of another: "The physical world is the world of illusions; the non-physical is the world of realities."

As a corollary or accompaniment to these assertions, we have the dictum that a new definition creates a new science. In the wide-open universe thus presented to us, we need be surprised at nothing. The conception of Evolution as orderly change falls to the ground in the presence of the apparent chaos produced among the elements by the operation of the human will pushed forward through the uni-

Sciosophy the Remedy for Psychology

verse by the impact of human thought. The external world, which otherwise seems so powerful and repellent, now melts away under the touch of esoteric forces. We no longer "lie at the foot of the strong god Circumstance." Circumstances no longer alter cases, but a vivid imagination alters both circumstances and cases.

It is therefore rightly claimed that "speculative philosophy," an exalted though tenuous branch of Sciosophy, is at once the complement, the opposite and the antidote to material science. For that reason, as the late learned Doctor Alger of Boston has demonstrated, Sciosophy is to be preferred to the "gutter psychology of to-day." For, as he observes, the former "brings no contact of the soul with vulgar matter"; and not to touch matter is to deprive it of real existence. "It does not soil the hands nor blunt the sensibilities." The final reflex effect is thus purely one of spiritualization. Alger accordingly commends the study of "speculative philosophy to thoughtful people of leisure and especially to cultured women." Indeed, the whole body of knowledge will be speedily transformed when permeated by the instant intuitions of the "eternal womanly." As a matter of fact, the quick processes of popular forms of psycho-analysis, so easily mastered, have already changed a goodly part of philosophy, and in due time may saturate the rest.

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Sciosophy further protects the individual from the pitfall of private interpretation and the snares of induction. Permit me to fortify this sweeping assertion by a curiously interesting story. This I get from an essay attributed to Lord Bacon (as quoted by Harry Elmer Barnes), wherein an account is given regarding the effort on the part of a number of priests to find out how many teeth a horse has. Appeal was made to Aristotle and to the Fathers, but without result. Finally an eager young fellow proposed looking in the mouth of a horse itself. His suggestion was fiercely resented by the scholars. "Satan," they said, "hath tempted this bold neophyte to declare unholy and unheard-of ways of finding truth, contrary to all the teachings of the Fathers." The disputants finally ruled it to be "an everlasting mystery, because of a grievous dearth of historical and theological evidence thereof, and so ordered the same writ down."

The above incident has an importance in Sciosophy which does not appear on the surface. It was not alone a matter of the teeth of a horse, but of the great principle on which traditional Sciosophy rests. If we allow an appeal from authority to observation and experiment in one case, we shall be forced to do so in all. Authority would then cease to be a court of last appeal. Luther's plea for private interpretation of the sacred books would

Dangers of Private Interpretation

be applied to every kind of philosophy, theology with the rest. To "private interpretation" we owe the splitting of religious organizations into hundreds of cults or denominations. Spreading its destructive influence everywhere in human relations, it has already had most disastrous results. Even a great unifying war, "a war to end war," a conception treasured by Sciosophy, can not reclaim the fragments. Those priests discussing horses' teeth were wise to nip at its very source the bud of heresy, the method of looking at things, trying experiments with them and then guessing at what it all means. Sciosophy saves all such uncertainties, leaving no ground for dissent.

Sciosophy, as history tells us, was the basis of the wisdom of the Middle Ages. The divine right of the Church, that of the King, and in later time that of the State rested solidly upon it, taking precedence of all forms of equity and freedom. Just as the heavens overshadow the earth so did the heavenly will as represented by its chosen potentates encompass all else. This is understandable, for without mystic privileges or divine intervention, the modern state would be deprived of its most extensively practised right, that of taking the lives and property of its own people in order to destroy the lives and property of others across its borders. If you accept the sordid doctrine that the state is a

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combination or giant corporation for mutual benefit, in which each individual man in some degree should be the gainer, divinity no more sanctifies the state, according to Dr. Bernard Moses, than it does the wheelbarrow. Each may be merely a device for mutual help or general convenience, no more, no less.

Under this view, the time-honored formulas, "the King can do no wrong, the Church can do no wrong, the State can do no wrong," would at once fade away. Modern slogans like "hundred per cent. patriotism" and "my country, right or wrong" would also lose some of their distinction. The tested results of human experience, which form the basis of the grim philosophy of democracy, would leave us all to the mercies of the untamed mob. Set over against this one of the most noteworthy triumphs of practical Sciosophy, the doctrine of the peerless Hegel that "the State is a divine entity, while man is not an end in himself but only a brick in the state fabric." "The State is a sublime and eternal reality which can do no wrong, because above it sits no law giver nor master. It overreaches the nation as the sky spans the earth. To its people it guarantees prosperity through its own perfection. It protects and embraces the life of its people, regulating it externally in all directions."

Again, in the words of the distinguished professor, Edouard Meyer, here slightly abridged:

The Supreme State

“The State is the highest expression of the collective unity of all the powers of the people included in the boundaries of the realm, the indispensable expression of the life and activity of every individual, and therefore entitled and bound to secure from each the fullest devotion for the carrying out of its task. . . .

“The State is the most indispensable as well as the highest requisite to our earthly existence, not with regard to political welfare alone, but to the daily life of the individual as well, uniting as it does the entire population in wholesome activity for the general good. All individualistic endeavor as well as the aspirations of shattered foreign nationalities included within our boundaries must be unreservedly subordinated to this lofty claim. On the other hand the State, through its organ, the government, also has its high obligation to fulfill, *i. e.*, to hold itself free and unprejudiced, above the influence of the individualistic aspirations of persons and classes, of industrial combinations and political parties, and, unaffected by these, to promote the interests and solve the problems that concern the entire nation, and to carry them to a successful issue. It is something much higher than any one group and infinitely more than the aggregate of all the individuals included in it; it has a life of its own; its task is unending; its existence is (if not destroyed

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by force from outside) eternal, all generations, backward and forward, coöperating toward a unity, to a mighty historical entity."

In the enchanted period of the Middle Ages, learned men knew everything, or at least all worth knowing, the world being declared "a sink of iniquity" soon to be destroyed "by fire and brimstone" and not to be spoken of in the same breath with "the pure stars." It was thus left for modern times to drag celestial conceptions in terrestrial mud. Not content with "supplanting the divine power of direct action by Newton's law of gravitation," long recognized as an impious effort to crowd the Creator out of His universe, dissenters have tried to make of no account the record of "the fall of man" by the thesis of his "ascent from the brute." The protest against this wanton disturbance of predigested opinion was finely voiced some years ago by a group of sciosophists in Columbia, South Carolina:

"Resolved, that man was created by an instantaneous process without previous animal parentage."

Lately, a similar cult in Texas "reaffirms its historic stand that Adam's body was fashioned out of matter previously created out of nothing." Either of these single sentences, as compact as any of

Assertions Which Clear the Air

Lyell, Darwin or Huxley, beautifully elucidates the origin of the human race.

Such definite assertions at once clear the air and close the door against future heresies. Indeed, during nearly three hundred years a famous dictum, usually credited to Archbishop Usher, has held its ground in the minds of many good ordinary men and women as well as in the fields of ecclesiasticism, a system which in all religions has flourished and made practical the primitive impulses of religion. "Heaven and earth, center and circumference," so ran the pronouncement, "were created all together, in the same instant, with clouds full of water, on October 23, 4004 B. C., at nine o'clock in the morning!"

The eloquent author of *God and Electricity*, however, harks much farther back chronologically in his dissertation on the ways of comets, older even than God, he says, and "self-generated in space." As to the nature and origin of this celestial form, the ancients (from whom he has freely quoted) declare that Chronos, the Comet, "by its own process of electric suction crystallized the universe." Homer himself became convinced of this fact and placed Chronos at the head of creation. "Existing as it did before the sun, it was prior to God." Let us now briefly consider the further remarkable discoveries reported by our author:

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“A comet has by nature an assertive, pregenital, generating power of its own, and thus sprang into existence in spite of and without God’s assistance; it possesses a self-concentrated, vital energy, capable of defying even God in its effort to be born. Thus there are two all powerful powers behind the great system of the Universe: the Dictator and his Electric Dynamo, God and His Comet.

“God, springing into life without the aid of man, is the natural, human manager of the Universe. The comet, not even God-made, is an independent, life-dispensing factor which God had to contend with, subjugate and harness with electrical belts.

“Pegasus, the Flying Steed, was Halley’s comet, nature’s electrical generator. But it was Bellerophon, the youth, who watched at the fountain of Pirene, and with his enchanted bridle, doubly set with gems, finally caught Pegasus and rode him into the sky. . . . Zeus himself was a racer through the heavens but an electrical racer at that; for . . . he touched the high points with his long white wing and charged them with ‘life fire.’ Mount Olympus was to the ancients the seat of the gods because of electrical displays at its rocky summit; and one may still see on the hill-tops balls of lightning performing their mysterious rites in a luminous, capricious manner. For the god Zeus was known as the ‘Wielder of the Thunderbolt.’

Thobbing as Sciosophy

“Pages and pages are necessary to deduce and explain the scientific cryptics lying concealed within the covers of Old Literature. . . . Homer, indeed, is sacred literature running at large, having escaped the withering blight of Theology.”

The enlightened sciosophist, nevertheless, need not be deterred by literary or other obstacles. In the theories of Henshaw Ward, a man of much cleverness, who has recently published his ingenious book entitled *Thobbing*, he will find the gist of the whole matter. Thobbing, as Mr. Ward defines the process, is “thinking wishly,” a phrase borrowed (as already said) from Dr. Edwin Grant Conklin.* In it three elements are involved: first, thought; second, opinion; third, belief. The word itself, a reprehensible addition to the vocabulary of logic, is built up, *à l’anglaise*, from initials—*TH*ought, *Op*inion, *Bel*ief,—the English words, “Dora,” “Anzac” and the like having been formed in the same fashion.

The process of thobbing in forming sound doctrine, though rather deprecated by Mr. Ward, is plainly indispensable for developing convictions. To thob, moreover, is really the only way to think at all with any success in matters beyond sordid fact. On this secure tripod, thought, opinion and belief, faith must rest, else it can not endure. The simple one-legged stool of science (human experience,

*See Chapter I, page 14.

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tested and set in order) seems unstable, and in a universe full of odic and astral forces, each with esoteric meaning, it can not support the ineffable.

In a famous work, *The Foundations of Belief*, put forth some thirty years ago, Lord Balfour fortified the spirit of the Anglican communion by his vigorous arguments. Indeed, the author then asserted that all scientific research by very necessity is "carried on in a dimly lighted room" while the sun of faith, on the contrary, shines gloriously outside. He thus showed in brief that what we know to be true is never entirely free from error, and that what we know to be false is shot through with truth. One conception, therefore, is no better than another and the conclusions of inductive research have no greater value than the affirmations of the Catechism. This is essentially the claim of Sciosophy, although in its broad tolerance Sciosophy includes all confessions and all catechisms.

Again, as Science progresses, the more it leaves unknown, and the field of Sciosophy is thus steadily enlarged. A vigorous and perhaps rapidly growing branch of sciosophic thought, for example, is found in the so-called "gospel of negation" or "orthodoxy of science." Its apostles and neophytes reject the doctrine of the unreality of external things, asserting that matter and its blind forces alone make up the universe. At the same time, with ortho-

Whirlwinds of Star-Dust

dox Sciosophy, they reject all supposed relation of cause and effect, regarding the movements of stars and men as lawless and causeless, a sort of lively chaos, called in technical terms a "Random Scoot." According to this point of view, it would appear that the universe is of no particular significance, merely "an accidental concourse of atoms driven in chaotic whirlwinds of star-dust. On a cemented mass of world-stuff brute animals arose by chance (or accidental or mechanical or blind) motion unconsciously unplanned of material bodies. In the same way a brute man arose, who consistently with that materialistic origin, scientifically or really, has no such thing as value, or worth, or dignity, or spirit, or morality, or religion or what is usually named personality or soul." The career of man is thus defined as remarkable in its way, but devoid of deeper meaning. In the cynical or perhaps humorous words of Lord Balfour, "Evolution is merely a disreputable episode on one of the minor planets." All idea of plan or purpose, a matter at least as hard to disprove as to prove, is thus ruled out of cosmic philosophy.

How uplifting, indeed, to feel that the future of the universe and of our world within it lies in the hands of Sciosophy! And yet the votaries of Sciosophy, each one "thinking wishly," can not always agree. Among them, for instance, are confirmed

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pessimists impressed by the futility of facts and effort, who find the universe running down like an unwound clock, the ultimate fate of the globe being to join the waterless and airless moon in eternal desolation. Others, properly called optimists, see the earth after hundreds of millions of years still in its youth and now warming up for new adventures, the nature of which Sciosophy alone can indicate.

Mere science which rests on past knowledge can not, as Arthur Thomson warns us, even "tell which way a cat will jump." Divine Sciosophy, on the contrary, is (as the French say) "*capable de tout*," that is, ready for all things, finding no problem insoluble to esoteric intuition.

The practise of the various forms of Sciosophy should be pursued by the neophyte in a spirit of reverence. Humanity, however, includes all classes and conditions of men; and with some this inspired knowledge is valued solely for the use that can be made of it,—that is, speaking bluntly, for "the money there is in it."

It is no doubt legitimate for an adept to make a simple living by his services. In this modern world one can not exist as an itinerant mendicant. Many have tried it, but at a spiritual as well as a physical loss. The workman is worthy of his hire, so also a spiritual helper. That fact was stressed by a competent authority as follows:

Living by Sciosophy

“The population of our cities is ample to supply many practitioners, teachers and preachers with work. To enter this field of labor beneficially to ourselves, it is necessary to demonstrate that the patient who is able to pay for being healed is more apt to recover than he who withholds a slight equivalent for health.”

Naturally. For while money is a mere trifle as compared to health, it is human nature to want to get the worth of it. Thus any one who has paid for a tonic pill of crushed lion's mane or tiger's fat or for the touch of a bone or a king, or even of a blessed handkerchief, is by that very fact more likely to be healed than those who receive such benefits free of charge. Nevertheless, the sordid attitude of persons who would transmute Sciosophy into gold has met with a scathing rebuke from Abner Dean.

“Whatever men do for money loses thereby all spiritual values,” says the venerable sage of Angels. “Its effervescence perishes in the dust of greed. Only heresy is truth, and no man ever got rich through heresy. Our maxims exist in endless stores with corollaries of unfettered hypothesis, but to yield to the Midas-touch of gold works their degradation. To use these principles for hire is to become an empiricist, a quack, a leech, a vampire—to be all that is lowest in the earthly chain. It may

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be that he who pays most for astral healing is soonest cured, but the pay destroys the healer.”

Now lest my readers should infer that I single out sciosophic medicine* as laying itself open to special deprecation of this sort, I must here digress long enough to refute that possible criticism, though in so doing I impinge somewhat upon the content of our next chapter. The practical art of rain-making, for instance, is a form of sciosophic activity which yields solid financial results and, to that extent, comes under the ban of Mr. Dean. In this business of pluvioculture (as I have nicely named it) the operator (aptly called a “quacktitioner”) promises showers on a thirsty land. The people of the district pay only in case it rains; no rain, no pay. The quacktitioner accordingly first insures against drought with Lloyd’s—an international organization ready to insure anybody for anything—and puts up a stiff premium based on seasonal probabilities. If the heavens open, he gets a big bonus from the residents; if not, he is more than reimbursed by Lloyd’s for any expenditure he may have made. Whether he operates by condensing the air in a fanning mill or by irritating the sky with colored flares, the financial effect is the same. Both ends of the contract are always satisfactorily cov-

*For Sciosophy of Healing, see Chapter V.

The Divining Rod

ered, the ordinary increment being about six thousand dollars.

Among other types of sciosophic practice not wholly approved by rigid moralists like Mr. Dean is the use of the divining rod. With this instrument one may search for hidden gold, or water, or oil, or gas. It is a sort of a magic wand which, in the hands of a trained operator, will by its downward movements indicate the location of substances under the crust of the earth. Along the Atlantic seaboard it is usually made of witch-hazel, a plant not found farther west nor in Europe. Any old forked stick will do, however, especially (it is said) if it comes from some tree "with water in it," the peach, for instance. But it can also be made of metal, tipped with a proper coin of silver or gold, as the case may be, or properly wet with oil or water, whichever it is desired to find. The essential function of the device is nevertheless a psychic, not a chemical process, for if the territory seems too great to be traversed step by step, a small metallic rod may be simply passed over a map, apparently with equally good results. In this way, natural gas was sought in Vanderburg County, in Indiana, near Evansville. As confirmation of the labor-saving method, the test was crowned with success.

A quite modern evolution of the divining rod shows remarkable mechanical cleverness. This new

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device has been tried out at a silver mine in the village of Darwin in Owens Valley, California, for the location of ore bodies. It is said to resemble a "surveyor's transit with a radio receiving-set suspended between two metal hoops that are moved laterally in a circle at the will of the operator." It demonstrates the fact that "ore bodies talk." As the "hoops were moved slowly to the right no sound was heard, but as the hoops advanced, a faint murmur was detected. This increased in volume as the device was rotated until the greatest audibility was reached and then faded away slowly. Throughout the southern country the appliance is exciting intense interest." Already a railway is started toward Darwin, and a winter resort hotel is planned for the neighboring Death Valley.

Meanwhile, certain eager sciosophic spirits continue to cherish the intriguing idea of the alchemists of the Middle Ages that base metal may somehow be transmuted into gold, in spite of the fact that in practise no one found out just how it could be done. It was, however, a worthy line of research even though it consisted of actual experiment with actual metals, the slow, dull road to truth. But along lines of intuition progress much more rapid may be made. Some years ago, indeed, Dr. Ernst Hæckel—at once one of the greatest minds in science and Sciosophy alike—declared that all metals as well as

Protyl and Easy Money

other chemical elements were but states of a universal substance which he called "protyl." This essential matter he never isolated; but in Sciosophy such achievement is hardly necessary, chemical elements being readily formed in the mind. Protyl, therefore, need be no exception. It simply has to be, if you make up your mind for it.*

Why not "easy money," too, the far older conception? So some twenty years ago a scientist of the Sunday Supplement subjected a mass of silver to great pressure, thereby reducing its bulk, let us say, sixteen parts to one, and making it yellow and heavy as gold. More recently a chemist passed strong currents of electricity through a mass of mercury, whereupon a part of it appeared as gold. But gold, being soluble in mercury, and both often occurring in the same rock formation, certain investigators (perhaps moved by envy) have made the claim that gold existed in the mercury all the while! Such details are matters for chemists to determine. Sciosophy can not wait on the laboratory and is now ready to announce the unity of all chemical elements, even to the vindication of alchemy.

To make a living by any occult process, however, is a degeneration of heaven-born gifts and when the day of translation comes the culprit will not dare look his past in the face! The gifted author of

*See also Chapter III, page 74.

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*Body, Mind and Soul** describes a terrible example of this kind whom she met once in a trance in Devachan. In his seventy-eighth incarnation he had received the gift of second sight; and putting the talent to work, he had "acquired a comfortable fortune by healing mankind" in a beautifully equipped office in Chicago. He was then "a man six feet tall and fairly proportioned, who, during life in the physical body, claimed the friendship of many of the world-famed great. A year after translation, his arms and legs had shrunk to dog's size. Supporting his heavy body, he walked on all fours, and his bulky head seemed a cross between a dog and an alligator, and the huge jaws were stretched in vain to make a sound of any sort. The soul of the man, though encased in this hideous non-physical body, was readily recognized by the writer." Two years later "he was near the fifth descent to the caverns," and "his non-physical body was roaming about the first zone, a huge, lean, alligator-dog which preyed like a vampire on the vitality of any man to whom it could get access."

It is thus easy to see that the sciosophic adept on his way to Nirvana gains nothing by "a comfortable fortune extracted from the hopes and fears of men and women and at the expense of the Crystal Aura of his own soul." "The Upper Tread of Atma-

*See also Chapter VI, pages 137-39.

Kama-Loka Far from Chicago

Buddhi-Manas'' is the only thing in a fleeting and shadowy world worth hoarding for you or for me. "Life is soul growth," continues the same author, this time in her *Education of Souls*, "and true wealth is wealth of the mind. Kama-Loka, the true place of desire, is not an elegant office in Chicago, nor yet a Fifth Avenue home. Midway between heaven and earth it lies, and he who would sell his dreams for pelf makes base coinage of his soul. As I urge upon you the transcendent glories of radiant thought, so I warn you against its degenerate double."

Helpful & harmful badinage.
satirizing Christ: Jesus & modern
fads without remedy then

CHAPTER III

SOME FASCINATING APPLICATIONS OF SCIOSOPHY

Like as a bird cleaves the eternal Ether, so the mystic advances on a path not ordinarily evident.—WILLIAM QUAN JUDGE.

IT is a pride of Sciosophy that it deals with things as they are, without the need to delve into material origins,—above all not into the alleged relations of cause and effect, for all causes are within ourselves and all effects are imaginary. This is the belief of the true adept. Yet as each of us creates his own universe, what is true in one order of being or with one type of mind may not hold in any other. Especially must the distinction between homology—which is supposed to mean internal identity—and analogy, or external resemblance, be cast aside. By thus broadening the base of knowledge, new discoveries can be evoked on every hand, and without the hard mental grind which exalts itself as “research.”

This feature of Sciosophy has lately been called by unsympathetic critics “underworld science.” The term “overworld,” suggested by the familiar

The Origin of Humanity

“oversoul,” would fit better. A tree is known by its fruits. The fruits of this method are swift and varied. Accordingly a recent English writer proves without effort the separate origin of the three primal races of men. These, it appears, sprang from three different species of ape: the Aryan races (Nordic, Latin, Slavic and Hindu) from the chimpanzee; the Mongolian from the orang-utan; the negro from the gorilla. The occasional occurrence, in the white race, of morons (senselessly called Mongol by certain eugenists) proves that there has been an admixture of orang blood among the common people, descendants of the chimpanzee. Thus with feet shod with analogies, anthropology can move as merrily as astrology (of which more later) and is now beginning to do so.

Another student of racial development traces humanity back through millions of æons, by no means to our apish ancestry, but to the far earlier condition when man himself was transparent, inhabiting an earth so thin in the crust that he could pass through it at will, thus reappearing in the antipodes without effort or even the strain incident to miracle. This writer explains in careful detail the development of the earth from the time when it was rolled out flat and inhabited by the first of the “four root races,” boneless, sexless and ubiquitous as well as pellucid, up to the year 7120 B. C. The

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period of the first root race (which followed the condensation of the whirlpool nebulae accomplished by electrons in the vortex of energy) lasted, we are told, 575,377,000 years. With the second root race, the hyperborean continent gradually extended toward the equator, forming, about 500,000,000 B. C., the continent of Lemuria inhabited 200,000,000 years by the third root race. The fourth root race began on the "lost Atlantis" nearly a million years ago, this continent breaking up 100,000 to 200,000 years ago amid shocking episodes.* It is to be succeeded by the new continents of Numerica and Nulantis.

Quite a different view of the origin of races of men, perhaps equally credible, though by no means so picturesque, was developed by one of the many who reduce all life to a branch of chemistry. Thus Doctor Hæckel considers all phases of existence to be merely "properties of carbon compounds."† But as living things contain also oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, besides hidden traces of heat and sunshine, this view is plainly not sufficient; and the learned author of *Discovery of Misconceptions* sets forth his own theory of racial division in an engag-

*Millions of likely pre-adamites, it seems, were destroyed in the engulfing of the sciosophic Atlantis, a name still preserved (as evidence of good faith) in that of the ocean into which it sank. See also Chapter VI, page 153.

†See also Chapter II, pages 68-69.

Chemical Origin of Races of Men

ing manner. According to him, all attributes of living beings are derived from the four gases—hydrogen (blue or spirit), phosphorus (red or hope), carbon (black or fear) and nitrogen (green or life).

“The ethnological divisions of the human race,” says he, “proceed directly from excessive vibrations of these four gases. The white skin of the Caucasian marks an approach to the harmonious relation of the four. This relation has been gradually produced by salt, or the hidden blue hydrogen hidden in salt. The skin and characteristics of the Ethiopian mark the superior force of carbon and phosphorus; those of the Mongolian of sulphur, a combination of hydrogen and phosphorus; those of the Indian, of nitrogen and hydrogen. Through the same study of the natural relation existing between the four gases, all natural forms, from a microbe to a whale or an elephant, may be understood.”

In such fashion, undoubtedly sciosophic, certain dissenters have tried to obscure all problems of ethnology by resolving them, together with the hopes and fears of man, into gases controlled by colored forces of chemical relation. How much more refined the vision of creation of him who sees in the chromosomes of each cell-nucleus the gathering of electrons or star-dust arrayed like iron filings assembled on a sheet of paper over a magnet!

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Materialistic science, through its studies of heredity, has validated the Shinto maxim: "By your life we know who your ancestors were." But Sciosophy goes much further. In the spontaneous acts of children, for example, one may recall the infancy of the race. Thus, the child enjoys the sweeping swing because primitive childhood was swayed in the mother ape's treetop cradle. The infant loves to sleep with the cat, because a furry Simian tail coiled around the ancestral neck during the race's earliest lullaby. A baby laid on a shelf moves its limbs precisely as does a sea-turtle under similar limited conditions. It is comforting, moreover, to be assured that not only are we built as our ancestors were, but that we can also (in refined titillations) recall the joys and glories of their far-off days! "When Knighthood was in Flower" these men and women saw "the warder on the walls, and heard the trumpet blow." Such happy visions do now embellish our dreams, though never viewed by light of day.

On the other hand the past has cast dark shadows on life's road, and too often the frivolities and sins of our forebears betray us, as they were themselves betrayed. Yet for all such evils there exists hopeful mitigation. Sciosophy demonstrates the happy potency of the "angel wing of inherited virtues of long-lost grandmothers." By a wise provision of

How to Circumvent Nature

nature half our ancestors were girls, and there is therefore at least a vein of girlish innocence in the most hard-boiled of sinners.

The frequent sciosophic pronouncement of one fundamental difference between man and the lower animals is also giving much encouragement to certain humanitarians. According to high authority it appears that while our merely physical features are derived from one's parents, even as in the lower animals, mental and spiritual traits (qualities not possessed by our lowly brothers) are not so inherited, and ultimate human character is contingent on experience alone. For the child being infinitely plastic, its future is molded wholly by what is done with him.

Mentally and morally all children start on the same level, according to this theory. A child of the slums, then, has just as good a chance as one of fine family, if only it can be rescued early enough. By skilful training, therefore, any child may be made a musician, an artist, a banker or an engineer, according to choice, regardless of parental inheritance. Says a noted behaviorist:

“Any baby of bad stock could be made to become a specialist of any type by careful upbringing.”

The possible results of such a discovery as regards the eradication of poverty and misery, through the work of experts in this line of life-

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saving, are indeed dazzling! Only decide on the kind of men and women desired in the nation, and the kindergarten and its allies (directed by a professor of behaviorism) will do the rest. Given a free hand, the leaders in the new movement will hand out quick returns without the wearisome, age-long delays incident to eugenics, which depends for advancement on selection and heredity. The state itself might well take under its protecting wing the children of all men who pay no taxes, thus insuring for every one in the future the blessings of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

Meanwhile let us not overlook a remarkable contribution to the "higher spiritual biometry" as seen in the light of the most profound Sciosophy, and recently put forth under the title, *The Mechanism and Meaning of Life*. Its talented authors, referring to the well-known Fall of Man, assert that:

"Man, who fell by assuming two motives, unequal in effect, divided himself by two in 'spirit,' 'actinic,' 'power,' 'will,' 'thought,' 'mental action,' (man and woman); by three, in 'mind,' 'decision,' dynamic power or physical action (man, woman and child); and by four in 'body,' 'static power,' potential or physical result, (man, woman, child and humanity). Thus humanity is fallen man as a mental-physical whole whose past is woman or unconscious or physical diversity of 'sex' and whose

Passing of Midvictorianism

future is in the perfection of the child or conscious unity of 'sex.' ”

This thoughtful restatement of fact from an entirely fresh angle leads to two remarkable conclusions:

“Humanity is the prominent and relatively inert constant, which retards the reversion of its individuals to instantaneous functional equality. Hence the period of a woman’s true maturity, from 22.2 to 33.3 years, may be said to be the perfectly voluntary or Christ-child period. In this period the immaculate conception should be relatively easy physically and fairly easy mentally.”*

So sagacious a view of age-long problems should prove enlightening to all sciosophists.

In many quarters regarded as rigidly devoted to inductive knowledge it is now also recognized that science has been maundering too long, that swift intuition is steadily gaining in prestige and acceptance at the cost of heavy-footed research. Thus Dr. Harry Roberts of London, referring to the recurrent entrance of Sciosophy into medicine, says: “Among the ultra-modern a feeling is spreading that these things (laboratory work) are at the best a little Victorian and old-fashioned, and that truth may be captured by less laborious and more dashing methods. Guessing is coming into fashion.”

*As quoted in *The Quarterly Review of Biology*.

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Indeed, why not? The clean, sprightly methods of Sciosophy can not fail to appeal to many outside the inner circles of Esoteric Thought. To get there quickly is better than to wait a generation or so. Wherefore some devotees of the most exact procedure have used the "running high jump" (a technical term for speculative philosophy) in matters where the old system of trial and error seems unbearably slow. It is said of William Crookes, one of the greatest of physicists, that "the fiery imagination of the discoverer of electrons would not be stayed by the balance or the burette." Hence his whole-hearted plunge into Sciosophy.

To advance by speedy modes toward the Infinite is one of the exalted allurements held out to disciples of detailed induction. An aeroplane moves more quickly than a goods-van and though it may carry less weight it is certain of prompt arrival. Art is long but time is fleeting, and to reach finality in a lifetime is truly a worthy aim of Sciosophy. For if external nature have no objective existence, and one thing be as true as another, the sciosophic method of enlivening "funeral marches to the grave" is, as Bruno observes, "most satisfying, keeping the mind from melancholy." "Like as a bird cleaves the eternal ether, so the mystic advances on a path not ordinarily evident," observed Mr. Judge, as already pointed out. Starting

Time and Space Unlimited

from nowhere and carrying nothing he may arrive nowhere; but his flight is superb. And one must admit that by such means the adept is able "to repopulate Sinai with revived gods from Olympus, Lebanon and the Himalayas."

From a distinguished physicist I quote as follows:

"The human mind is a force which directs matter and bends it to its will. . . . I will bend my finger, and the muscles of my finger obey, and my finger bends. If mental force really exists and can make dead matter move as it directs, why can not it work without the intervention of matter? The fact is that it can. Every day we read items that tell of a man in America receiving a message from a relative in Africa, and many others besides myself have talked with dead friends. Thought transference takes place just as easily between people in England and people in China as it does between people in adjoining rooms."

This ability, according to the writer quoted, can not be due to waves of any kind, which become diffuse and weaken as the square of the distance increases. No distance, however, can annihilate the impulse of thought, the same in all languages. Mere words, the vocal expression of thought, must be translated from tongue to tongue; but thought, as every one knows, needs no translator. And now that

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men can talk freely across the Atlantic, although at a price prohibitory to ordinary conversation, the next step (as sciosophists can not fail to see) is to abolish words. Telepathy, which brings into service the universal and indispensable ether, does not exact any particular language nor indeed any language at all in its propulsion of ideas. It is like grand opera in this respect, and will indeed be far more compelling as the usage becomes general. A prominent London sciosophist announces the speedy doing away with the "lip-wagging, breath-puffing antics now essential to the transmission of our thought." Telepathy is from "heart to heart" and subject to the laws of no language. Some day, therefore, a scientific address will be delivered in perfect silence, he believes, the preparation for it lying with the hearers, not with the thinker himself.

Another high authority remarks:

"As it is, we are not content to receive an impression by man's senses alone. We don't judge our friends by what they say, but by their looks, their touch, their smell and other senses of which we have no more knowledge than had ancient Egyptians of the X-ray or milk bacteria."

One of the best authenticated cases of the control of mind over ponderable matter comes to us from the virile North. Odin of Norway, after attaining wisdom, longed for a drink of the life-giving golden

Mind Controls Matter

mead (wine of honey) which the giant Suttung had locked up in the stone cellar of his castle at Spukenhjem. The Norse King therefore arranged with his favorite servant, the huge Bauge, after he had finished harvesting his hay, to help him secure the wine. So all day long Odin and Bauge sat before the wall of the castle and gazed steadily upon it. By this means, the record relates, they bored in the stone a hole which, though small, was yet large enough for the King to project through it his astral double rolled up in the form of an angle-worm. Odin thus succeeded in stealing the mead and the strength of the giants was thereby won for mortals.

So psychic intensity may overcome the gross cohesion of molecules, and the fantastic leaps and bounds of their constituent electrons. That is, of course, only in case electrons are found really to exist in nature as in theory. As a matter of fact, many astute thinkers regard an electron as a mere explosion within the substance of the ether, itself an impossible substance, a product of Sciosophy derived from algebra, its elements bound together by odic force. The sciosophist holding this point of view is forced to deny the existence of matter, naming it a "mere dream of the eyes." Yet only the esoterically enlightened, I must insist, can look through what passes as matter and see that it isn't there!

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This talent of the truly elect brings to mind another charming attribute of Sciosophy and other forms of Esoteric Thought possessed by adepts. I refer to their richness of symbolism built on varying analogies through which many meanings may spring from the simplest assertion. In a volume on *The Compass and Square*, we read:

“The trinity of nature is the magic lock. The trinity of man is the key that fits. . . . Nature is triune (symbolized by the many threes of the lodge.) There is a visible, objective nature, and invisible, indwelling, energizing nature, and its vital principle, and above these two, spirit, source of all forces, ever indestructible. The great cornerstone of magic or occult powers of nature is an intimate and practical knowledge of magnetism and electricity. Human beings are magnets. One common vital principle pervades all things and this is controllable by the perfected human will. Magic is spiritual wisdom. Beware of the illusion of matter. May true souls lift aside the curtain and gaze undazzled upon the Unveiled Truth!”

The psychology of the Soul and other types of eternal flame is also expounded by a leader in modern Sciosophy:

“Up to the birth of the Universe, man had no conscious existence. Unless perfection can be reached all will pass back into the unconscious state.

The Law of Bobbing

Eternity is nothing. Time makes changes in matter. It began with this change and ends when no more changes can be made. We are standing stock-still in our relation to both space and eternity. We can not change our relation to these, for they are non-entities. The flame of an electric lamp and a mental image form in accord with the same law. The mental image is a flame, differing only from the flame of the lamp by virtue of the fact that it takes on numberless forms, whereas the flame of the lamp assumes but one form."

It is encouraging to see that the whole trend of Sciosophy is away from the appalling recklessness of our own times. "When the world learns," says an adept, "just what the allegory of Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden means, women will be alarmed and will try to get back into their shells of modesty. . . . Men have their hair cut after the Chinese slave fashion and are on their way to the pigtail, while the women pattern after these rattle-brained men and bob their hair. . . . About the fourth generation from now, if bobbing is kept up, we can look for a race of bearded women. . . . Less hair on the head, more on the face, is a law that can not be set aside by man."

A generation ago the sciosophic world and the scientific alike were thrilled by the discovery of the

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X-rays or ultra-violet lights of Professor Roentgen. The first, being the astral body of the second, what more natural—nay, inevitable—than that the two should be similarly affected? And the green lights of the vacuum tubes easily produce the uncanny feeling which among sciosophists is known to precede and presage a great discovery. The skeleton of a canary, the outline of coins in a pocketbook, the bones of a finger encircled by a gold ring, are plainly revealed under these strong odic rays, invisible ordinarily to our eyes.

Soon afterward, and naturally enough, the mysteries of the Roentgen rays uncovered other marvels. For instance, a worker in London, mentioned in the press as “Professor Inglis Rogers,” fancied that the still invisible and occult vibrations sent through the ether from the mind could affect a sensitive plate. Just as one sensator at a distance receives an image or message from the psychical realm of another so, he argued, could the same image be concentrated and fixed upon a photographic plate. To prove this to his own satisfaction, Professor Rogers first looked intently at an old but valued postage stamp, after which, retiring to a dark room, he gazed at a lens in his new camera. The image of the stamp, heretofore fixed in his mind’s eye only, then passed through the sensitive ether on to the prepared plate. As a result he

Photographing Thought

secured a picture, small and a little blurred to be sure, but showing nevertheless the noble features of the Gracious Queen, with below it the legend: *One Penny*.

Thus at a bound was bridged once for all the chasm between odic and chemical sensitiveness. It has indeed long been a part of sciosophic tradition that on the retina of a dying man's eye is impressed the last scene he beheld. The growing importance of this conclusion, added to the skilful use of fingerprints, must surely serve to abate the "Great Crime Wave" which always accompanies prosperity and poverty.

Poets see more deeply into things than mere men. Thus many years ago it was asked:

"Do pictures of all the ages live
In nature's infinite negative,
Whence half in sport, in malice half,
She throws at times, with shudder or laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?"

According to some investigators, the Rogers experiment can be pushed much farther; that is, we may not only reproduce actual images stamped on the retina by material objects but also fix those existing on the *tabula rasa* of the mind. Thus another British experimenter devised a camera which he felt sure would secure the image of a thought. As

CHAPTER IV

SCIOSOPHY OF THE ACADEME

Wishful thinking is by no means rare, even in academic circles.—
CHARLES MACFIE CAMPBELL.

In mathematical science, and in that alone, man sees things precisely as God sees them, handles the very scale and compasses with which the Creator planned and built this Universe.—JOHN FARRAR.

A FASCINATING phase of Sciosophy is disclosed of late in the effort of certain investigators to probe "the soul of the atom." For, assuming its existence, an atom must, of course, have a soul around which experiences cluster.* Without existence, all the more need of soul; the effort would then be even nobler. Moreover, it is asserted that the cohesive power of the atom is one of the greatest forces in the world.

Continuing a somewhat similar line of research,

*Trees, like atoms, have souls of their own. Indeed recent investigations in India indicate that a tree feels keen pain when its substance is lacerated by an ax or a saw. All plants, in fact, suffer like ourselves, it is said, from any form of mutilation or unkind treatment. The extreme sensitiveness to touch of the *mimosa* is proverbial. This nervous trait, according to Doctor Bose, appears to a degree in all vegetation. Esoteric-minded persons, therefore, should take the lesson to heart. Never look askance at a tree or a cabbage. Its friendship you may sometime need.

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men have sought to create animals and plants by putting their elements together. This process is called the "synthesis of life." Protoplasm, as we have seen, is the basis of all life, comprising carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen. Knowing that fact, we have only to mix properly these necessary constituents in order to create a living organism. Not a laboratory job, to be sure, that method being painfully slow, but a task for the adept who creates life through reassortment of words—"juggling of phrases," as the irreverent have called it—thus producing a "reasoned synthesis of the fabrication of protoplasm." Sciosophy demands no more. Many of the most inspiring revelations of esoteric truth have been worked out in the brain alone, without trusting to the dull intervention of matter.

A patient experimenter, however, has recently built up cells filled with artificial but chemically pure protoplasm, to all appearance exactly as in nature except that they do not work; *i. e.*, they will neither grow nor divide as natural cells do. The reason for failure is evident to sciosophists. The chemist could not saturate his effort with odic energy—"the Unconditioned Force of the Universe," known also to some as "the vital force," though others, it must be said, deny its existence. This is probably the same force as that which holds atoms together, a power which, if once isolated and let loose, would

Life from Sunshine and Sea Baths

turn society and the whole earth itself topsy-turvy, to the bewilderment of all of us.

A more certain but somewhat tedious method, that of creating living organisms from sunshine and sea-water, has been reported by a British chemist. Let me now try to make this intricate matter clear in as condensed a statement as possible, space allowing for only an outline of the process.

The substance known as formalin or formaldehyde belongs to the world of living things, being derived from vegetation, that is, from the vapor of methyl (wood) alcohol, itself produced by the destructive distillation of wood. The problem of our chemist, then, is first to make the same fluid from purely inorganic components, and next to work it backward into living forms of primitive type from which trees as well as many other organisms may be evolved through the ages.

Now, according to our investigator, "light in very short wave-lengths acting on sea-water and carbon dioxide produces formaldehyde with liberation of free oxygen. Light of slightly longer wave lengths causes the molecules of formaldehyde to unite to form simple sugars. These sugars, transformed into nitrites (salts of nitrous acid) again unite with formaldehyde under the light of a quartz-mercury lamp to form a nitrogen organic substance." Unfortunately, such "short wave lengths"

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are not recognized in "sunlight as we know it at the present day," but in the long perspective of evolution, anything might happen and this probably did. Moreover, certain colors promote the activity of sunlight, and such "may have been present in the atmosphere or the sea at the beginning of organic substance."

Once started, "the electric charges on this surface of colloid (jelly-like) particles would produce absorption, and fresh ions would be attracted from all about." Being more dense than sea-water, the mass would increase, taking the form of a sphere by "the linking of carbon atoms" and the "absorption of ions." Thus far advanced, the new organism would, on account of its size, tend to grow constantly beyond its power of acquiring food, and would thus be forced "to break up into minutest particles at the slightest agitation." Such minute organisms, furthermore, are better fitted to care for themselves than the large mass. In the words of their creator, each "becomes an autotropic (self-nourished), self-regulated and so far individualized entity."

The method of adaptation is described with great detail, and in it (we are assured) "the loss must have been enormous. Probably only in . . . shallow waters could the organism survive. There must have been a constant shower of moribund plasm

Evil of Fighting Monads

sinking toward the ocean bed." The more vigorous organisms would naturally absorb the weak ones as they fell, and "this would be a kind of feeding."

From my brief exposition you will perhaps get an idea as to how one chemist would bring about organic evolution. Some of his brother sciosophists would have begun differently. A well-known investigator, for example, writes from the University of Cambridge:

"Inert matter has in truth more life than has been ascribed to it. It is by a process of sifting out, or, in other words, by Natural Selection that life, as we know it, has been evolved. The evolution is the assortment of monads. The tendency throughout nature is toward harmony, but there does not seem to have been pre-established harmony. Nay, rather, everything seems to have been higgledy-piggledy, and to be gradually settling down. Where there is harmony among monads there is good; when there is discord there is evil."

Touching now on matters more closely concerned with our mundane life, from the practical Middle West comes an exposition of how to make man's hidden powers earn their living.

As is commonly known, the subliminal mind, located in the solar plexus, a group of nerve-cells near the stomach, takes care of the movements of

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the heart, lungs and other organs which the regular mind is too busy to look after. This inner mentality, being free from all contaminating influences of evil associations which corrupt good manners—so runs the argument—its decisions must be undefiled and pure. For that reason it should be coaxed into taking its rightful share in controlling the conduct of life. How this may be done is the subject of many inspiring essays by various writers. We have space for but one direct quotation, which will (in part) illuminate one method of training the subliminal:

“The Universal Mind is the Life Principle of every atom which is in existence. Every atom is continually striving to manifest more life; all are intelligent and all are seeking to carry out the purpose for which they are created.

“The world without is a reflection of the world within. What appears without is what has been found within. In the world within may be found infinite Wisdom, infinite Power, infinite Supply of all that is necessary, waiting for unfoldment, development and expression. If we recognize these possibilities in the world within, they will take form in the world without,”—thus yielding, according to the author quoted, health, wealth and general prosperity.

For him who faithfully reads the publication (in twenty-four parts) of “the College of Divine Meta-

Algebra versus Geometry

physics," from which our excerpt is taken, degrees will be granted as follows: "Ps. D., Doctor of Psychology, Ms. D., Doctor of Metaphysics, or D. D., Doctor of Divinity."

Another fascinating feature of modern esoteric discipline is found in the unification of its various branches. For example, as we have seen, high authorities now agree that biology is a branch of chemistry,—in Hæckel's opinion, "the chemistry of carbon compounds." By the same token it is asserted that chemistry itself has risen to become a branch of algebra which culminates—at least, up to date—in "four-dimensional space." Some definitely state that Euclidean or "three-dimensional space" is an imposition of geometry, that system being the creeping, earth-bound, physical double of the limitless, astral branch of algebra.

From this sciosophic angle, also, many are beginning to perceive that what we call matter has no actual existence, its assumed components being electrical knots of ether tied in the infinite azure of the past.

Thus the circle of advanced thought swings around again to one of its starting-points: "The cell is an illusion, so is the body and the earth itself," "all figments of the mind's eye." "Hence we know nothing," says a learned professor of

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philosophy; "hence we must believe." What is not demonstrable in exact induction may, as Gladstone once asserted, "bear the weight of belief."

In certain phases of modern research, again, "gravitation is replaced by inertia and three-dimensional space is replaced by four-dimensional space-time." Moreover, according to a noted chemist: "We are driven to the conception that inert mass is nothing less than latent energy. The doctrine of the conservation of mass has lost its independence and become merged in the doctrine of the conservation of energy."

Furthermore, things equal to the same thing being equal to each other, the equivalence of time and space can be proved in algebra by a simple equation:

Let x =time; let y =space

Let x =infinity; let y =infinity

Wherefore $x=y$ or time=space

Or experimentally by an undoubted fact:

A man traveling through space with the speed of light will move as fast as time flies, and hence will never grow older; to put it more movingly, if I may be permitted that expression, "so long as he travels with the speed of light, he has immortality and eternal youth." [Here (though I anticipate) we have direct proof of the soundness of the Hensoldt theory, and a confirmation of the practicality of the

Theory Lives Through Pure Beauty

polar turntable as planned by Mr. Gridley.* For it will, of course, be far easier to rush back through the ages on a revolving plane run by electricity than to proceed by one's self alone through the atmosphere, or even the ether, with the speed of light.]

The theory of relativity, now reached by us in our discussion, has justly attracted much attention from mathematicians and sciosophists alike, because with its many ramifications it fits well into the ideas of both groups as to the nature of the universe. This ingenious hypothesis "shows that there is something in the nature of an ultimate entity in the universe, but it is impossible to say anything very intelligible about it. But a certain aspect of this entity has been picked out by the mind as being what we call *matter*. The mind, having done this, also partitions out a space and time in which this matter exists. It is not too much to say that the whole material universe has, in this sense, been created by the mind itself."

Another British writer, after stating that "eternal verity" should have no place in our philosophy, declares that "from this point of view the relativity concept" is correct because its postulates are sound, wrong or right the theory, for its pure beauty will live, at least as long as anything dependent on so sorry a criterion as bare truth."

*A detailed account of these matters will be found in Chapter VI, pages 135-37.

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Thus we meet the issue of unadorned "bare truth" as against intuition and imagination, the flowers of thought.

In this general connection, moreover, let us recall that Cesare Lombroso, writing of the operations of Madame Eusapia Paladino, claims that "in the psychological atmosphere of a medium in a trance, and by the medium's own action, the conditions of matter are modified. Just as if the space in which the phenomena take place belonged not to three but to four dimensions, in which . . . the law of gravity and the law of impenetrability of matter should suddenly fail, and the laws that rule time and space should suddenly cease, so that a body from a far-off point may all at once appear near by, and you may find a bunch of freshest flowers in your coat pocket without their showing any trace of being spoiled."

This on the authority of a keen observer who, if any one, knew a moron when he saw it! In the interest of fair play, however, let us give ear to another and admittedly more popular thinker. Thus Mr. H. G. Wells, prancing unsympathetically on the side lines while Sciosophy brilliantly disposes of matter, life, and all other forms of existence, humorously voices his dazed dissent:

"Everybody in those days thought of atoms as tangible things, and of space as a framework of three dimensions as rectangular as a window sash.

H. G. Wells' Dazed Dissent

The other, the now vanished ether, wrapped about us like a garment, and time was like a star, and dwelt apart. . . .

“Since then all those easy old imaginings of quasi-tangible atoms and infinite incessant space have dissolved away insensibly. We have followed our deductions further and further into a stirring crystalline complex of multi-dimensional curvatures and throbbing reactions. Energy is, and it is not, and then again it is; all Being flickers in and out of Not-being, there is an irrational bound set to motion, there is a limit to the range of temperature. Space is bent in some incomprehensible fashion so that straight lines reenter into themselves, gravitation is a necessary consequence of duration, and atoms are the orbits of harmonies of infinitesimal electrical charges. Einstein’s own description for popular enlightenment of his space-time system with its bent and possible unstable co-ordinates, reads to me like the description of a clear vibrating four-dimensional haggis. Weyl goes wider and further; and Bohr has imposed a rippling intermission upon the whole universe. In the depths or heights of physics, for one word seems as good as the other when all direction is lost, I find my mind sitting down at last exhausted of effort, in much the mood of Albrecht Dürer’s *Melancholia*. I have gone far along that way, and I can go no farther into that

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wilderness of vanishing forms and puffs of energy in a quadri-dimensional field of force.”

Is it not deplorable that this versatile and effervescent soul should reveal himself so permeated with a spirit of reaction? On the other hand, the need for swift Sciosophy in biological research has induced some ardent scientists to relegate their whilom leader, Charles Darwin, to a secondary position, that of “a back number,” to quote one eminent authority, while they themselves have pressed forward to more advanced standpoints. Surely a wide-eyed leader of thought, Bernard Shaw,* for example, can tell us more of the methods of creation as practised by Deity than a plodding realist like Darwin, fussing away “in his greenhouse, tying strings to plants and trying to make them do things.” Why stop to analyze minutely Nature’s ways of filling the woods and seas with her slow-diverging myriads, so much alike that it is not worth while to try to tell them apart, when at the same time we can create a hundred forms fairly well in one-millionth of the time she wastes on trifles?

Do we not indeed make species just as good as hers in a few weeks in a garden or greenhouse? Thus may one, with Bateson, fortify his belief in evolution with “entire agnosticism” as to the fac-

*See *Back to Methuselah*.

To Destroy Capital Divide It Equally

tors which brought it about. In Sciosophy no factors are necessary.

In the realms of political economy, however, there is considerable divergence of opinion among sciosophists. Certain leaders of one outstanding group, for instance, have discovered that mankind is divided into two classes, those who have and those who have not, the latter being the slaves of the former. The first class is technically known as the Bourgeoisie, the other as the Proletariat. And what the Bourgeoisie possess to the injury of the Proletariat is called Capital. This consists of stored-up power—land, gold, credits and objects useful for material progress but also available as instruments of oppression. As a rule, those who hold Capital devote every means to increasing it, and those who have it not are clamorous with envy. Some have obtained it by inheritance; others by diverse means, direct or devious, have extricated themselves from the Proletariat into which all men are actually born.

The plain remedy for the evils of society, say the members of this group, is found in equal division of Capital. Such will be best secured by placing it all in the hands of the State, a cooperative society in which each man should be an equal stockholder with every other. This adjustment would result in all

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property being held in common under State ownership of all remunerative enterprises or means of profit. All attempt at interest or usury would thus be inhibited because no one would pay to secure the use of money which, unless absorbed by the State itself, would remain idle. It is further agreed that simple though rigid restrictions, eliminating idleness on the one hand and greed on the other, must necessarily be part of the system.

Adherents of another school insist that the transfer of the stress of Capital to conditions of equality may be brought about through other methods. One of these is known as "Direct Action," the process by which those who have not are violently elevated to equality with those who have. This gives rise to the edifying spectacle known in history as "The Beggar on Horseback," a condition sometimes attained before the person exalted has really learned to ride. Less hasty efforts, producing in the long run parallel results, are accordingly advocated in some quarters. Argument for conservative action runs as follows:

The foundation of property is human labor. Whatever betide the Bourgeoisie, the Proletariat must "pay for all." The laborer is worthy of his hire, money is his due, and yet money should not stray far from those who know how to take care of it. The prosperity of one class goes hand in hand

The Atmosphere of Affluence

with that of another. Those who can not make use of their advantages are described as "chiefly weaklings, persons without enterprise, negligible in the pursuit of wealth."

It is plain that when any one becomes rich the luster of his wealth is reflected from the faces of all of us. It thus creates an atmosphere of affluence; and where affluence is, all the charms of life soon gather. Each one should be willing—nay, eager—to contribute of his substance for the universal good, the final goal of all economic efforts. And in no way can the universal good within a nation be better enhanced than by levying toll on foreign commerce. Is it not well known that the members of the Proletariat become poor, not because they are not amply rewarded, but simply because they persist in spending their money? So with nations, which are but aggregations of individuals.

Commerce is a device by which nations send away their wealth and scatter their substance. Commerce is therefore a great drain on natural resources and should pay the people a large bonus in return for the outgo. When men sell the products of their labor, they no longer have them; when they buy, they part with their money. To equalize all capital and to be just with all men, it is necessary to keep goods and money alike at home. At the least, commerce should be held to make good the havoc it would otherwise work.

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To that end the government must supervise and appropriately tax all goods or money going out of a country. This line of policy has the advantage of being time-honored. It began a thousand years ago at the Cape of Tarifa, near Gibraltar, where the impedimenta of travelers were generously overhauled so that they might not carry away things that could be advantageously kept in the hands of worthy Spaniards. In much the same manner, goods were afterward "withheld," if by chance the like could have been made or bought in Spain. Thus the prosperity of the Province of Cadiz was materially augmented and, through it, that of all Spain, to the gain of the Proletariat of the world in their advance toward the status of Bourgeoisie. And naturally "tarifa" or tariff (for short) has been employed for all internal transactions of similar order or of parallel beneficence. Yet the word tariff, I understand, is itself far older than the town, meaning in Arabic "to scent out" and being therefore particularly appropriate to a process of discouraging the movements of idle travelers.

In this general connection it is further asserted that all so-called raw material, land, water, grass, lumber, cowhides, shoe pegs, et cetera, constitute Nature's gift, so that none should arrogate any of these to himself and all should be free as air. For value really lies solely in the increment added by

Dust of Dives in Eyes of Lazarus

labor. Wherefore, the Bourgeoisie, having unjustly taken the lion's share and left but a pittance to labor, should be handled peacefully if possible, by force if must be. The protective tariff for the defense of the Proletariat is the most suitable, friendly method for the transfer of Capital.

It is the just boast of protected nations that its laborers are princes and not paupers. If they pay higher prices it is only that they secure higher prices in return. What they sell—the strength of their right arms, God's bounty to the working man—costs them nothing; and when sold it is as much theirs as before. Thus all in turn become prosperous, and the chariot wheels of Dives can no longer throw dust into the eyes of Lazarus. Indeed, under the beneficent influence of the tariff, Lazarus is already, so to speak, in Abraham's bosom.

Certain economists further recognize a great necessity of human society, called by them the "Law of Equal Access." Because man must live by the products of the soil, and because the earth is the sole source of wealth, all men should, in justice, they say, have the same access to the land. All private ownership of the soil therefore should be abolished, must be abolished; with it, poverty and its long train of evils will vanish. The best means to this end is apparently to throw all burden of taxation on the rent of landed property, for thus all privately-

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accruing land values would be pressed out of existence. Then every man could help himself to the earth in such measure as he pleased, knowing that in any case he would be doing his fellows no wrong by his private occupation so long as he paid a tax equivalent to his net profits.

Others, however, take issue to some extent, because of the immense differences among soils as to productivity and availability, a fact which should affect rentals. In putting the theory to the test, also, it is claimed that like differences and even greater ones will appear among men. For some the earth smiles and brings forth her increase a thousandfold. With others, not even a stalk of corn or a thicket of weeds can be made to grow. Indeed, the trees, which depend solely (as man does not) on *immediate* access to the soil, have not yet developed a law of *equal* access. Some accordingly declare that there is in fact no such law and that land belongs to him who can hold it and coax it to its highest productiveness.

Still others say that any law is only an expression of what is, because if it could be different it would have been so. And in the view of men of this group, all social institutions must change and pass away, the social structure being but a complex of the individual men that compose it.

It is nevertheless certain that the abolition of

Poor Folks and Poor Ways

poverty, as contemplated by these various sciosophists, means the happiness of the people. But why not adopt the easiest way? As Benjamin Franklin suggested, if every one would do two hours of productive work each day, poverty would disappear. What, then, is more natural than for a few kindred spirits to stand together to bring about this beneficent end? And if poverty could be thus abolished in one community, why not in all others? The frailties of human nature, pessimistically say some, bar the road to success; but is not human nature itself the product of conditions? When one asserts that "poor folks have poor ways," may not another answer that poor ways will be changed when poor folk cease to be poor? As it was written, "the destruction of the poor is their poverty."

At this point, however, let us for a moment reflect on the *ne plus ultra* modern view of that human institution which still underlies the fabric of society at large—the more or less (often, alas! less) permanent union of the man and the woman as potential founders of a family. The numerous and varied conditions involved in love and marriage have naturally attracted the earnest attention of sciosophists and other philosophers. From the many wise volumes on this subject the chief lessons have been gathered into a sagacious symposium called (in the

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English translation) *The Book of Marriage*. In its lucidity and comprehensiveness it may be fairly compared to D'Assier's *Study of Phantoms*, mentioned in our first chapter. Its general purport has been condensed as follows: (*Journal of Social Hygiene*, May, 1927, 304.)

“Marriage should be a mysterious sacramental, functional unity based upon recognition and responsible acceptance of permanent, mutually developing relations of tension between potentially isolable partners in a dual, reciprocal complimentary polarity in which a natural (erotic) union serves as a foundation and symbol of a cultural conventional moral communion maintaining rhythmically both distance and intimacy and guided by a universal social purpose, independent of pleasure or of the pursuit of happiness. The spouse, like the celibate, seeks superpersonal communion for his completion through the other. Inevitably involving renunciation, marriage is essentially tragic, though not necessarily unhappy. In fact the unhappiness of conflicts is resolved by its renunciations. We are to be satisfied never to be satisfied. Not mere security, but new experience, adventure, is to be sought and found in marriage.”

CHAPTER V.

SCIOSOPHY OF HEALING

When Chemistry was almost an unknown territory the field of Materia Medica was immeasurably large.—ANDREW P. PEABODY.

Death with a tenfold terror hurries on.—GEORGE CRABBE.

IN THE practice of Medicine throughout the ages, Sciosophy has maintained and still holds a peculiar supremacy. This is inevitable. Can a sick man long wait to find out what ails him? Must he not turn to the intuitive sources of healing, the conclusions of which are always at hand? One of the most dominant of these was expressed in the maxim, "every disease has its cure," some kind of plant being usually indicated as the panacea. The special function of each kind could also be learned by its looks. Thus the dull red buds of the figwort, resembling scrofulous pimples, were naturally selected as the cure for scrofula. Hence, indeed, came its scientific name, *Scrophularia*, certifying adequately to its efficacy. Such correspondence between malady and plant was known as the "Law of Signatures."

Another sciosophic maxim is that "like cures

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like, "*similia similibus curantur.*" This means that those drugs which reproduce the symptoms of an ailment will also cure it. To Sciosophy, also, we owe the epoch-making conception that neither disease nor cure is real; further, that where disorder is imagined to exist, absent treatment is as good as calomel or rhubarb. As a matter of fact, all who have ever undergone the calomel ordeal naturally agree that anything or nothing is better than that.

Meanwhile, if we can not understand the nature of the disorder, causes visible or invisible being unknown, no wise choice among remedies is possible. Medicine, moreover, like theology, having no recognized basis, splits up naturally into cults. And so long as Sciosophy holds its happy grip on the masses, just so long will those cults which rest on it find remunerative play. So long as ignorance is the most delightful of all sciences, it will be constantly sought after. For to master in any degree a modern science, and especially to put it effectively into operation, requires every power, mental and moral, possessed by its votaries, most of whom at the same time delight in boredom. Science, furthermore, has no cults. Its claims of certainty, however limited, tend to exclude forms of faith and thus to reduce all knowledge to a weary monotony.

The very titles of some of the medical books of the Middle Ages filled the common man with hope.

Cure by Incantation

For example, in 1660, Dr. W. Williams wrote on "Occult Physick or the Three principles of Nature antagonized by a Philosophical Operation . . . In three Books. The first of Beasts, Trees, Herbs, and their Magical and Physical Virtues. The Second Book containeth most *Excellent* and *Rare* Medicines for all Diseases happening to the Bodies of Both Men and Women. The Third and Last Book is a Denerian Tract, shewing how to Cure all Diseases with Ten Medicaments, . . . whereunto is added a necessary Tract, shewing how to judge a Disease by the affliction of the Moon."

But away with Medicaments! In the treatment of disease the truly plain people of all times have effectively used such simple means as incantation, consisting of strange chants accompanied by mysterious gestures and other esoteric details. I myself was once present at a medicine man's clinic among the Chinook Indians near Cape Flattery in the State of Washington. After a period of active effort on the part of the healer, the source of the trouble was materialized in his mouth in the shape of a young trout. As he spat it out, the sufferer experienced immediate relief. In Arizona similar processes are used, but disease there usually takes the form of a small but very nimble lizard. "Incantation," says Voltaire, "will kill a sheep if enough arsenic be mixed with it."

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Primitive and occult modes of treatment are as old as humanity. One of the boldest exponents of sciosophic medicine, however, was Doctor Mesmer of the eighteenth century. Mesmer subdued all disorders with what he called Animal Magnetism, though his enthusiastic followers named it Mesmerism. One of the great healer's novel rules for his patients was that they should always bathe in river water only, never in water drawn from wells. This, insisted Mesmer, was a most important precaution, because river water is exposed to the sun's rays, and "some twenty years ago," said he, "I magnetized the sun."

Daring and original spirits appear also in our time. It may now be boldly asserted that "a new day dawns for the sick . . . for disease is the evidence of disrupted polarization in the atomic structure of the body cells, leading to congestion and toxemia . . . the results of nature's struggle to eliminate and overcome the disorder." It is further shown that "life is eternally associated with electricity; that life and electricity are one and the same . . . therefore the human body will react when caused to become the pole or center of a magnetic field. . . . In other words, bearing in mind the body's electrical nature, it is reasonable to suppose that when placed in a magnetic flux, it would become electrified. . . . The human body, when

The Triune Source of Health

diseased, reacts to an electro-magnetic current as a wilted and parched plant reacts to sunshine and water.”

The three bases of this new system are “the triune of sound health, electro-magnetism, radio-activity and electric heat. . . . The emanations of radium, of vital importance” are secured not from the ultra-costly element itself but “from many packages of pulverized radium-ore which are fastened in a continuous band to the electric coil.” The vapors of radium, as derived from radium springs, pitch-blende and uranium deposits, are regarded as “isolated charges of electrons . . . radium emanations will penetrate any substance except lead and when they enter the bloodstream they will do great good.”

A parallel recent invention of great interest rests on a similar “perfectocoil” to be attached to the base of an ordinary electric burner. However, instead of packing the belt with pitch-blende, it is filled with sawdust or other vegetable non-conductor. This reduces the weight of the belt, a matter of importance to the constant user, but unfortunately at the same time greatly increases the cost. It also operates on a different theory—the magnetizing of the iron in the red blood-corpuscles, each one becoming, if we grasp the chemical conception, a little electro-magnet of its own. This heightens the demand for oxygen in the lungs, with added inhalation.

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It is noted that both appliances mightily aid "Nature's struggles" so that most diseases which afflict humanity may be progressively cured, and without drugs. If these two inventions were persistently used together, there is no telling what effects might not be possible.

A different utilization of the factor of electricity greatly extended the practice of a noted and clever physician, now deceased, who made a fortune by his skill in assembling electrons, thus bringing about health through a simple electric device scornfully called by rivals "a contraption." With this invention he found himself able to determine and combat a multitude of diseases from the appearance of the blood-corpuscles. By examination of the blood, also, he said he could not only fix the parentage of a child, but could in addition disclose the political and religious faith of either parent. He accordingly mounted much further than any of his contemporaries or predecessors into the exalted reaches of Sciosophy.

But as so often happens in cases like this, certain frankly skeptical individuals tried to catch him by a trick. Quite unsuspecting of bad faith on the part of others, he detected and reported a long list of disorders, including venereal disease—all curable, however, he said, through electronic vibration—in a sample of blood sent from the University of Michi-

The Body as Our Electric Machine

gan to his clinic. It later transpired that the blood was not that of a man but from a healthy-looking Plymouth Rock cockerel. That fact, nevertheless, should prove no valid criticism on his methods. The ailments reported were, of course, those from which the rooster would have suffered had he been a man!

The electronic basis of life has also been discovered in England, likewise with gratifying results. It does not matter so much what instruments are used, so long as the patient grasps the theory. That is here condensed from a statement by the highest authority:

“We need not be old men. The infirmities of old age are not essential. Electricity is generated in the lungs with every inspiration and is conveyed by the blood stream to every cell in the body, the brain receiving the largest supply and representing the seat of the highest potentials. . . . The human body is a machine run by twenty-eight thousand million electric cells, each cell being a little wet battery with negative and positive poles. Man is simply a mechanism run by electricity and chemical action. . . . Every cell in our body has a part in the creation and distribution of this electricity which is literally the vital spark.” The apparatus especially commended “supplies electricity to the brain center, the heart of the human electric machine . . . and afterward to the part of the body

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locally affected," and all this "without needless sensation," the instrument being at the same time "fool-proof." "A most sensational and remarkable book will be sent on receipt of stamp,"—a trifling sum to pay for the recovery of youth and the cure of paralysis, sciatica, neuralgia, neuritis, insomnia, obesity, and loss of power generally.

Within recent years, also, a profound student of Sciosophy in its application to medicine, observed on a chart in a text-book on anatomy that each of the nerves entering or leaving the backbone in man has to pass through a tiny hole between two of the twenty-four vertebræ composing the spine. Obviously then an active nerve, forced through so small an orifice, might become pinched and cry for release. Furthermore, as all parts of the body are served by spinal nerves, either motor or sensory, such pinching (technically called "impinging") would produce in each region or organ a suitable malady. Again, the spinal nerves being numbered and classified on a physiological chart, it is easy to determine and define the disease proper to each one. Thus the pinching of number nine produces heartache, that of number ten induces liver-complaint, number three means pyorrhea of the teeth, and number twenty-two gives that tired feeling which impels the business man to the Russian

Suffering from Every Known Disease

ballet. Fortunately, however, nerves may be released by a brisk tap or a twist on the "impinging vertebræ." Nature, "the mighty force within your own body," now does the rest. Nature, indeed, will cure all diseases without drugs, pain or surgery, provided only that release of the spinal nerves gives her a chance.

We are accordingly assured that this amazing but most simple discovery, with or without X-rays, "electronic vibrations," "Alpine Sun-rays," "infra-red rays," or other "adjuncts in use," "has brought health to hundreds of San Franciscans suffering from practically every known disease."

Among the disorders thus triumphantly dispelled and recorded are "lumbago, grip, insomnia, neuralgia, headaches, dizziness, bronchitis, rheumatism, diabetes, asthma, constipation, catarrh, indigestion, heart, liver, kidney, bladder and eye trouble, female troubles, skin diseases, paralysis, influenza, deafness, etc." The San Franciscans who suffer from all these and every other "known disease" must indeed rejoice in the "gigantic strides in the science of the drugless treatment of disease" of "the past few years."

These delightful titillations of sciosophic medicine yield, as it were,

A touch as soft as Jersey cream
To gild the edge of every dream

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So long as dreams may come,—
Then on, *ad infinitum*.

They offer a vivid contrast with the heroic violence of the old allopathic *Materia Medica* whose function it was

To chase disease down every vein
Then up the arteries again
Until each microbe tires
And sullenly expires!

The new system, furthermore, is all-embracing, so to speak, including—according to its founder—“the study and application of a universal philosophy of biology, theology, theosophy, health, disease, death, the science of the cause of disease and art of permitting the restoration of the triune relationship between all attributes necessary to normal composite forms; to harmonious quantities and equalities by placing in juxtaposition the abnormal concrete positions of definite mechanical portions with each other, by hand; thus correcting all subluxations of the spine, atlas to coccyx inclusive, for the purpose of permitting the recreation of all normal cyclic currents, through nerves, that were formerly not permitted to be transmitted, through impingement, but have now assumed their normal size and capacity for conduction as they emanate through intervertebral foramina—the expressions of

Dangers of Having a Backbone

which were formerly excessive or partially lacking through disease. (To replace the full quota of positive with an equivalent negative; permitting the reconveyance of the intelligent immateriality into the mechanical corporeal.)”*

In the medical statutes of New Jersey (1820), with only slight changes probably made by some stickler for punctuation, this admirably lucid defense of “medical freedom” becomes a part of the law of the state, as follows:

“The term chiropractic when used in this statute shall be construed to mean and to be the name given to the study and application of a universal philosophy of biology, theology, theosophy, health, disease, death,—the science of the cause of disease and art of permitting the restoration of the divine relationships between all attributes necessary to normal composite forms, to harmonious quantities and qualities by placing into juxtaposition the abnormal positions of definite concrete mechanical positions with each other by hand, thus correcting all subluxations of the articulations of the spinal column, for the purpose of permitting the recreation of all normal cyclic currents through nerves that were formerly not permitted to be transmitted through impingement, but have now assumed their

*As quoted from D. D. Palmer, by Huntington and Hoag, *The Dark Ages of Medicine*.

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normal size and capacity for conduction as they emanate through intervertebral foramina, the expressions of which were formerly excessive or partially lacking through disease.”

A most interesting line of investigation in a field overlapping to a slight extent that of medicine concerns the causes which throughout nearly all of the animal kingdom determine that one individual shall be female and another male. Nowhere, not even in the fine intuition of esoteric thought, has this question been definitely answered. In the human race, practically the same number are born of one sex as of the other, a fact which holds true of most other mammals and of birds as well. By what method this desirable result is obtained, we have yet to find out, though various suggestions and partial theories have arisen, mostly sciosophic.

But as parents often long for a child of one special sex, it is naturally easy to find persons who are ready (for a consideration) to help satisfy such ardent desire. Knowledge of the art of sex-determination is also expounded in a book entitled *Secret Knowledge Revealed by the Latest and Best Words of Science*, which can be had for a very moderate price—fifty cents in paper cover “if bought now from the agent,” or three dollars and fifty cents in cloth. This volume discusses in addition “every

Sex Determination in Humanity

duly associated vital problem.” According to the “blurb,” its author, “after many years of earnest study,” is now “a fundamentalist,” a venerated term apparently requiring a new definition. He asserts, for example, that “white men are born of white-skin apes in Asia. Black men are the progeny of corresponding black-skin apes in Africa. Yellow humans were the offspring of crossed black and white fellows. The vast variation has arisen from extending the cross-breeding but will finally coalesce into and remain a hardy and refined pure yellow—the hour of man’s ‘doom.’ ”

As to sex-determination as pursued in India, we may notice one out of many advertisements taken by Aldous Huxley (*The Nation*, London, July 31, 1926) from the *Cawnpore Congress Guide*:

“Beget a son and be happy by using this SON BIRTH PILL, my special secret, HINDU SHASTRICK preparation. Ladies who have given birth to daughters WILL SURELY HAVE SONS NEXT, and those who have sons must have MALE ISSUES once again, by the Grace of God. Fortunate persons desiring of begetting sons are bringing this marvelous Something into use for brightening their dark hours and making their lives worth living. It is very efficacious and knows no failures. Self-praise is no recommendation. Try and be convinced. But if you will apply, mentioning this publication, with full account of

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your case, along with a consultation fee of Rupees ten (foreign one guinea), only giving me your WORD OF HONOR to give a SUITABLE REWARD according to your means and position in life, just on the accomplishment of your desire in course of time, you can have the same pill ABSOLUTELY FREE. Act immediately for this FREE OFFER may not remain open indefinitely."

Panaceas for many diseases to which the flesh is heir may also be easily obtained in the same country. One preparation, recommended by an enthusiastic "Bachelor of Arts," seems to be peculiarly comprehensive and effective:

"Several of my friends and myself have been using your . . . for four months, for Influenza, Lumbago, Dyspepsia, Syphilis, Rheumatism and Nervous Debility with complete success. There has not been a case in which it failed. I will call it *Ambrosia*."

Even the humble but useful hair oil, if compounded by an expert, proves to have unexpected virtues when it drips through the skull into the empty brain cavity, as for instance, in the case of "W——'s Scented Almond Oil, Best Preparation to be used for men who do mental work. The effect of Almond Oil on brain is known to everybody."

Again, "Jabukusum is a pure vegetable oil, to

A Drugless Cure-All

which medicinal ingredients and the perfume have been added to prevent all affectations of the brain."

A writer in the same journal demonstrates the ability to go farther in the healing art than any American operator, even the most skilful adjustor of electronic vibrations.

"I have discovered," he says, "the natural system of cure for all diseases, habits, defects, failings, etc., without the use of deleterious and pernicious drugs or medicines. Being scientific, it is absolutely safe, simple, painless, pleasant, rapid and infallible. Diseases like hysteria, epilepsy, rheumatism, loss of memory, paralysis, insanity and mania; addiction to smoking, opium, drink, etc.; impotence, sterility, adultery, and the like can be radically cured duly by my system. Come to me after every one else has failed to do you good. I guarantee a cure in every case undertaken. Every case needs to be treated on its special merits, and so applicants should furnish me with the complete history of the health of the patient and general occupation from birth, height, measurement over chest and bust, waist and hips, and a photograph with as little dress on as possible, along with a consultation fee of Rupees five."

Medical Sciosophy, therefore, as the reader must agree, is not and never has been the exclusive property of any one country or race. As a matter of fact, indeed, it already flourished in Asia along with

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ancient cultures, while the inhabitants of Occidental lands still lived in savage ignorance and mostly enjoyed good health. How different to-day, when even in metropolitan centers Chinese herbalists, to cite only one branch of the sciosophic profession, minister to many of our citizens!

These classical Chinese medicine-men in America, as in the mother-country, mainly derive their knowledge and skill from their ancestors, although in modern China two very different types of approved medicine exist. The one draws its inspiration and methods from Europe and America; the other goes deeper, trusting to the traditions of thirty centuries.

According to Shin Nong, ancient imperial herbalist, as quoted by Fan Wong, one of his present-day disciples, "the lungs belong to the mineral element, in which capacity they control the air circulation. The highest note caused by the passage of air through the pharynx is similar to the highest sound derived from metals which belong also to the mineral element. The lungs breathe in air directly through the nose and mouth and indirectly through the pores of the skin. . . .

"Herbs of white color and of either pungent or insipid taste belong to the mineral element. Those of pungent taste cause the heat of the body to expand and go down to the limbs and pass outward

Chickens as Vegetables

through the skin. Those of insipid taste free the lungs and intestines of fever. . . .

“With a cold, the pores of the skin are closed so that the internal heat can not then escape, and it then forces its way up to the head which begins to ache. A suitable remedy requires more than a dozen herbs for each complication of a cold.

“Chickens and other fowls belong to the vegetable element, and persons ill with cold should not eat chicken, unless thoroughly salted over night.

“The color of oranges is red. They belong to the fire element. It is safer to avoid them; and to be on the safe side, one is advised to eat no uncooked fruit at all.”

Referring to certain much vaunted appliances of recent date, Fan Wong strongly deprecates the use of electro-magnet inventions. All such, he says, “drive more heat into the lungs,” which then become congested. “Loss of appetite and sallowness and paleness of complexion, which gives the appearance of approaching death, follow.” A similar conservative attitude is probably characteristic of all Shin Nong “regulars.” However that may be, the school has its progressive wing, revealing a keenness, richness and variety in diagnosis foreign to exponents of unimaginative Western medicine whether Chinese or not. This fact is well illustrated by the experience of a young gentleman who, though

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seemingly of sound physique, wished to make assurance doubly sure and decided to consult a Chinese doctor in San Francisco. Quite incredulous as to the immediate verdict of hidden ailment, Mr. Sloan made the rounds of four more offices, presumably all in Chinatown. But alas for his hopes! In the end, he found himself suffering from terrible complications—"an involuted stomach, incipient tuberculosis, a foreign insect in the stomach, diluted blood, an eating cancer in the lung," not to speak of minor troubles such as "high blood pressure, deficient hearing soon to become complete deafness, and poor eyesight, with danger of going blind."

And yet one need not despair. The pure Chinese pharmacopœia, like other old ones, includes a cure for every disorder, according to Mr. Sloan. This is a matter of such seriousness that I take the liberty of informing the general public on it, trusting to be set right if I have omitted from the following lists any important remedy:

For heart trouble of all kinds: hair of the tiger chopped finely and mixed with dried leaves of the tree under which the tiger was killed. In default of the actual tree, "tiger-hair" can readily be clipped from stray dogs on the street, but the doctor himself does not do the clipping;

For diseases of the lungs: ground claws of the lion mixed with dried leaves of the grass on which he died;

Tiger Fat as a Universal Remedy

For diseases of the brain: pulverized "thorn beetles" mingled with the oil of a non-venomous snake; a bottle of "thorn-beetles," when examined, contained four kinds of beetles and a white moth;

For pains in the liver or upper abdomen: dried toads ground and mixed with willow leaves;

For various maladies: dried toads, beetles, dried snakes, snakes preserved in alcohol, as well as animal hair, finely ground, and dried leaves, all difficult to identify in a prescription, but of similar value for healing as the sea-lion whiskers, dried sea-horses and little scorpion fishes used by more humble practitioners.

Recently, also, a marvelous remedial agent, a new derivative from *Felis tigris*, has attracted considerable attention. The value of tiger fat as a blood tonic, giving physical strength and mental pep, has, however, long been known to advanced practitioners. It is now sold without the intervention of druggists (in eight-ounce packages, each containing the concentrated essence of ten tigers) on the streets of San Francisco. Its use internally or externally induces the courage, cleverness and agility of the most glorious of cats,—all for the negligible sum of twenty-five cents per package!*

*One may surely be pardoned for suggesting that this unequaled tonic is probably a combination of mineral colloids with common lard, the supply of available tigers being necessarily limited and thus soon exhausted.

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True worth makes itself felt. Some years ago, a scholar of world-wide reputation, then on a visit to California, gave the present writer an account of a chronic trouble from which he suffered and which his own physicians had not yet been able to relieve. In San Francisco, however, he planned to consult a distinguished Chinese herbalist, for "men with the experience of centuries behind them might have some knowledge to which we of the West have not yet attained." I regret not being able to report explicitly on the outcome of the interview, though my friend probably found himself greatly benefited by it.

CHAPTER VI

FRAGMENTS OF ESOTERIC SCIOSOPHY

The more we become accustomed to the idea of a consciousness which overflows the organism, the more natural and probable we find the hypothesis that the soul overflows the body.—HENRI BERGSON.

A glimpse of incomprehensibles and thoughts of things that thoughts but tenderly touch.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

THE northern part of India, said to be

“*the Oldest Land
Wherein the powers of Darkness Range,*”

is the chosen home of the occult. Philosophers of our race are indeed aptly described by a Swami as “belated eaglets who have lost their wings in the human barnyard.” To escape from this humiliating predicament, we must cast off the fetters of contact, abandon our propensity for “storming at the doors of sense.” Thus may we attain at least the astral plane; but only in the “Crystal Vaults Superior” can the “Still Small Voice of the Silences” come clearly to our ears. Ascent lies through no laboratory, however, nor is it beset by reactions or equa-

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tions of any sort. "Before a soul can pass to life beyond our planet," says a learned adept, "it must unroll the long coil of its incarnations and look itself in the face." A veritable triumph,—without a mirror!

Our common word, "mystery," is derived from the Greek, and refers in its origin to problems which only the *mystes* (priests) could possibly solve. For these no precision is demanded; nor does the priest employ it. Moreover, while in Europe as in India, he decides once for all, having the gift of infallibility, the dicta of European wisdom are temporary and changeful. A problem once settled, a hundred new ones immediately spring up.

The methods of induction, also, are simple and obviously human, however hard to follow in detail, while the priest, on the other hand, especially in northern India and Tibet, may have access to the bottomless depths of mystery involved in the word occult. To reach these, one must pass through the "sacred gateway that leads inward only and closes fast behind the neophyte forevermore," and from which "Hope returns ever with empty hand."

For the last fifty years scientific materialism in Western lands has made much of our growing knowledge of heredity, or the transmission of personal qualities from generation to generation.* But

*See also Chapter III, pages 77-78.

The Transmigration of Souls

we have only to read the theory by inversion to prove the venerable doctrine of reincarnation or the transmigration of souls. This is a faith older than any science and still held by far more than half the population of the world. If truth is to be settled by a majority vote (and much can be said in favor of that method, even now practically universal) reincarnation will win in every drive, because its features involve all the perpetuity ascribed to the continuity of the "germ plasm." The vast range of soul experiences classed as "reverberations from monkeyhood," "echoes from fish existence" and "feline felicities" find in reincarnation their simple explanation. Even past incarnations, however, are not necessarily fixed. All that is, or was, or ever shall be, lies open to our volition.

Reincarnation being firmly established as truth, however, it is easy for the adept to trace the progress of individual entities in their flight through history, as well as to demonstrate the hyper-telepathic influences which other great souls, born or unborn, may have upon them. For birth, like death, is a mere incident in the life of man, and the aura of a mahatma of the next century may extend backward as well as forward.

By searching sciosophic studies, the souls or egos of certain noted men and women have been traced through the kaleidoscope of history with a

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certainty that admits of no question except by the crudely skeptical. The believer also never doubts that the aura of the sensator can be stretched across all space, and no doubt ultimately across all time. Also that time and space are identical and both saturated with relativity. Time is, in fact, the fourth dimension of space, a truth which has long interested mathematicians.* Where the lost fifth dimension is, we are not yet certain, but it probably lurks in the Crystal Silences. And the sixth dimension, already prophesied in algebra, is doubtless on its round among the stars.

Now that men can speak freely by hyper-telepathy with the Lama of Tibet and the Ahkoond of Swat, we may soon converse with equal freedom with Marcus Brutus or Cagliostro. If so, it will be just as easy for Plato or Ptolemy to speak to us, and all the problems of past life will lie in the hollow of our hands. In that form of higher mathematics known as quaternions, it is demonstrated that a straight line is the longest distance between two given points. This being true, the sparser the details the more perfect the conclusions. Such facts encourage what I have elsewhere called "Rescue Work in History," a valuable line of uplift. This effort, entirely consonant with the views just presented, was outlined some twenty years ago,

*See also Chapter IV, page 96.

Rescue Work in History

although unfortunately never put into effect. It involved a banishment of space through absorption of time, a laudable purpose, as every one will agree! I shall accordingly digress long enough to set forth the argument for future consideration.

Time and space, as previously shown, are of the same nature, time being merely the fourth dimension of space. Matter, furthermore, is only the content of a modicum of space in which "energy," to quote from a late authority, "is actively engaged in holding itself still." This, he claims, is "the sole meaning of creation." In the last analysis, then, "a cubic foot or a cubic mile" would be absolutely the same thing. (So, let us infer, would a cubic universe.) When energy becomes passive, also, matter and space alike turn to the immaterial. In the light of these truths, a German adept, Dr. Solomon Hensoldt, has suggested a method whereby time as well as space can be literally rolled away like a scroll, a scheme I may now briefly expound.

Here on earth we mark time by the rotation of our planet, which turns completely on its axis from west to east once in every twenty-four hours, so bringing each line of longitude, one after the other, to face the sun. Again, nearing the poles, the spaces between the north and south meridians are rapidly narrowed to a few feet and, finally, to a mere

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point where movement entirely ceases. Similarly, the circles of latitude running around the globe and cutting the longitudinal meridians at right angles are progressively shortened until they, too, are reduced to nothingness. If, therefore, an experimenter were to approach closely to either pole, you can see—can you not?—that he could quickly pass forward or backward from one day to another. Three hundred and sixty-five circuits only, and he has rolled off a whole year; a few more backward turns and he has walked into the lost days of his childhood! And if he were moderately swift-footed he might run around the pole again and again until he caught the earth at Julius Cæsar's first landing in Britain or when the Pyramids were built.

Thus we have the initial imperative in the Hensoldt proposition. The second depends on the belief of adepts that "all manner of sensations may be transmitted through space and time."

Let us speedily note the moral possibilities involved in these two conclusions. How comforting, indeed, the hope that we may yet dissuade Brutus from his gruesome deed, redeeming him from subservience to the slim-souled Cassius, while at the same time we may perhaps rescue Cæsar from that ambition through which emperors and angels fall! In this generous view of history, nothing is too late, and the great tangled but fragile fabric of the past is ever open to reconstruction.

Demonstration of the Hensoldt Theory

[At this point I must hasten to explain that to make any serious changes in *time to come* seems beyond human or astral power. For it is impracticable to project any aura into the future. The forms of men and nations awaiting their turn in Devachan are now in a super-astral or plastonebulous state. A human aura could thus have little definite influence on them, because the sensator, working in utter astral darkness, would not know what influence to exert. All effort should accordingly be directed toward the past.]

Yankee-like, Abram Gridley, a neophyte of Abner Dean, has insisted that we must not let these fascinating possibilities lapse for want of courage to act. But hypertelepathy, however subtle, fails sometimes to produce the desired results. That method is dependent on electric inductions and etheric vibrations and is practically ineffective except in settled weather. This can not often be had in the turbulent atmosphere of the Middle Ages through which long-range telepathograms must of necessity pass. Nothing less than Personal Presence, therefore, will suffice.

It was at first naturally planned to select the North Pole for these experiments, but as that is covered with floating ice, it is now thought best to carry them out at the South Pole. For the Antarctic Continent, on which this extremity is located, cul-

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minates in solid ground, as all know, and can soon be readily reached by seaplanes from Tasmania or the (well-named) Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Gridley further suggests that the necessary rapid transit would be quite comfortably made on an electric turn-table set in rotation by the use of the Northern Lights or of their duplicates, the noted *Aurora Australis*. On the edge of the mechanism might be seated the Mahatma Messengers of the twentieth century, or more likely their non-frigible astral bodies. Should they decide to close the circuit in the middle of the fourth century, they would be heartily welcomed at Alexandria or Athens as men abounding in the thoughts of ages to come—or maybe with the lore of bygone centuries, for throughout the ages new light comes from either direction.

It is plain, however, that the machinery of our terrestrial merry-go-round must be handled with the greatest accuracy and its adjustment be that of a perfect chronometer. The services of an Edison and a Ford together would be none too much; a day too early or too late might be fatal to the plan. To arrive in Rome before Cæsar was born would involve a long and tedious wait, perilous for the astral bodies and most trying to those left behind. To insure success, therefore, the careful cooperation of many will be necessary. As volunteers in the cause

The Great Retrojection

of human welfare, they should in fact and in spirit form a sort of Salvation Army. Seated on the turn-table, a hundred adepts could be whirled round to the westward, each descending at the particular historic period his own special errand might require.

As missionaries of the present to the past, these devoted men and women could turn the tangled jungles of history into a Field of the Cloth of Gold. By keeping open radio-telepathic connection with clubs at home, daily reports from the *Great Retrojection* could be sent to the churches and the schools, besides affording amazing new material for the Sunday press. And the initial expense would be only a trifle. A few thousand dollars invested in a great disk of the finest rosewood, with tense springs, clockwork and dynamos, provided with several copies of the Universal History of Mr. Wells, together with two skilled mechanics and three adepts in electricity, also skilled in astral information, and the thing is done!

Reverting now to the fact of reincarnation and the sciosophic studies of devoted individuals working on alone, with presumably only the rewards of their virtue, the author of *The Education of Souls** some years ago traced the alleged peregrinations of

*See Chapter II, pages 70-71.

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a single soul from its first incarnation in the wilds of Crim Tartary, down to the life cycle of a "Jewish hermit adept"; thence, but touching only certain figures, to its reincarnation in Alexander (son of Philip of Macedon), Alaric, Charlemagne, Edward the Black Prince, Henry VIII, a Cornish sardine fisherman, an African king, a Staten Island carpenter and—at the latest appearance noted—in an Adirondack guide. Her complete record, however, cites fully thirty incarnations from the crystallization of the ego in the "Depths Superior" onward and upward; and yet one more experience, that of womanhood, was said to be necessary before its admission through Devachan to Nirvana!

The purification of many other souls has been described in detail by the same author. But to begin at the very beginning, she explains that "souls develop as wild vegetation does, by the action of laws internal and external. . . . Then as a gardener takes a wild crab tree, prunes, cultivates, trains, nourishes, plants its seed in different soils until he has a fine fruit, good for human use, so the gods take a soul, train and prune it until it is fit to nourish, by example and precept, the souls of other men and to pass by (from?) our earth."

She furthermore states that the gods did not pick up the soul whose progress we have followed until it abandoned the body of Henry VIII. It was

The Comet Shriek

then certainly in need of purification! "As a fruit may rot because of too much sunshine, so may a soul, and all rot must be purged away." The use of the term "too much sunshine" to describe Henry's marital adventures is original and suggestive, is it not?

In 1893 it was reported that the one-time soul of William of Orange then tenanted the body of a boy four years old, in the state of Connecticut, while "Richard Yea and Nay," called also "The Lion-hearted," had appeared as a little bootblack in the city of New York. Surprising, however, as these facts may appear to the uninitiated, the true adept sees further still, and one of the most tremendous truths in the universe has been touchingly set forth in the following quotation:

"Each world in the great belt has a soul and between the smallest moon and the greatest sun these souls vary as do the souls of men, and may similarly become extinct through weakness and debasing passion. . . . The bodies of lost sun-souls are called comets. . . . The cry of a lost sun-soul, 'The Comet Shriek,' is the most terrible sound that ever rings through the Great Belt."

Through such studies as these a vast literature has arisen—a mere drop in the bucket, nevertheless, as compared with what is yet to come. . . . For when men shall realize the basal principles on which

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Sciosophy rests, the reincarnated and the recessional shall take their place in history, and no man nor woman need be left out of the glorious procession. Each person who has ever lived can then reassemble his fading memories and tell the story of his varied lives throughout the ages. In the field of the material senses, moreover, no one need be bound by the dicta of the schools, which teach us nothing. For we may relate facts or laws of our volition with perfect freedom, submitting to no tests from any quarter.

“Not a single note of discord can sound through eternity. Harmony alone survives the span of time, which is a short period for staging the Eternal Show. Let us recognize that man has a soul, that it passes up through the two kingdoms below him, and then we can understand that evolution on the physical plane is a flat denial that man has a soul. Millions of weaklings at death assume the body of lower animals, for the flesh body is not the man. It is only the house he lives in.”

We have seen how Baron Chamisso, Doctor D'Assier and Eliphas Levi have enlightened the world on the “Spontaneous Activity of Shadows.”* Mr. Judge, in his profoundest manner, has demonstrated the way in which the astral ego “may overcome the natural illusions of Devachan.” Especially important is his exposition of how “Yoga,

*See Chapter I.

The Exploding Point in Avatar

Kalpa and Manvantara may complete the Great Cycle of Avatars until they reach at last the great Exploding Point in which appear violent convulsions of the following classes: (a) Earthquakes, (b) Floods, (c) Fire and (d) Ice."

Mr. T. J. Hudson and others have explained how etheric vibrations become words or things under a puissant hand, or even a flowing tongue. Thus our knowledge of wraiths, spooks, night-followers (*Gjenganger*), shadows, djinns, banshees and the "Horrors of the Presence" have taken their place in natural history along with wolves, swallows and vampire bats, but occupying a higher zone, that is, the astral plane of existence. Laws once established in thought must, therefore, take precedence over other so-called laws, for science has no power to controvert thought not ponderable as matter. It will accordingly be seen that all myths may be true, and that all human records are of the nature of myths. Even the most staid and decorous of the sciences can be made to effervesce under the magic touch of Sciosophy. "Sciosophy opens to mankind the Universal Gateway. It has disclosed already, for example, "the hidden meaning of Elasticity" by proving that all the elements known in chemistry are but appearances of "latent oxygen."

In Esoteric Sciosophy five planes of existence

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are clearly recognized: the physical, the astral, the devachanic, the shushuptic and the nirvanic. Yet to limit these planes to five is an error introduced into esoterics by the too practical British mind, which is crowding to the wall the finer sensitiveness of the Hindu. For the perfect number is seven, and nothing in the occult universe ever stops short of perfection.

As all emotional dreams come from these higher planes, or excursions into them, they and their content represent the only actualities. No apparition can be false or illusory. Illusion consists in denial; and denial comprehends the philosophy of the Occident, which has blighted the earth, changing it from a sphere of dreams and happiness to a world of war and commerce, washed by a sea of aimless discontent. Life continued on a physical plane alone leads to idle strife and constant struggle, as its leaders have freely admitted. Its sole hope of progress lies in the killing-off of all who are useless in war or are unskilful in trade.

In each of the great planes are found the doubles or phantoms of objects on the plane just below, for the finer matter of the higher plane penetrates and permeates the coarser objects of the under zone. Hence to dwellers in one plane, another above or below seems like a shadow or wraith. Because one can pass through a specter is supposed by the

Clustering Around a White Lily

ignorant to prove its unreality. But to an astral being the physical body is just as unreal, because with equal ease the former can walk through such a one and, at the same time, greatly help or perchance injure him. By such means, indeed, a vindictive shadow can readily get even for hurt he himself suffered on a lower plane.

The higher the plane the more elusive our impressions derived from it. That is not because of their unreality, but due to our own lack of deftness. In the higher planes, objects change their form with protean swiftness, casting in the process a dazzling glamour from their aura. This is not a matter of evolution, for past states do not (as on the physical plane) hold control over the future. Even so low as in the astral realm no object is opaque, all interiors being plainly seen from the outside and all things near or far appearing without the back-shortening we call perspective. The fourth dimension is also visible and often the fifth or sixth, the last being identical with the plane of Shushup. It is in these matters that the Feringhi (English writers) make most mistakes, and even the Swami or Adept may not be infallible.

As a preparation for this study, crystalloscopy has been found helpful. The best plan is to form circles of silence where men and women cluster around a white lily or other emblem of purity and

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beauty and, clasping one another by the hand, endeavor to think Devachan or even Om. Twenty years ago, under such favorable conditions, a few devoted women had achieved to think Devachan; but no Englishman had up to that time risen above Shushup and no Anglo-Saxon, not even a finely-attuned woman, had yet attained to think Nirvana. For in Shushup desire to act is lost, as in Devachan desire for speech, the way to Nirvana being barred by the mouth-closing syllable of Om. In Nirvana alone is absolute extinction of all desire, a matter probably inconceivable to the Nordic races.

The scenery of the astral plane is much the same as in the physical existence, only more wavering, more delicate, more enchanting. Its trees, for example, are in constant motion. Above, in India and Tibet, anciently-inhabited districts from which men have passed on during countless centuries, one finds multitudes of astral beings. In America, however, except over a few areas of virgin soil, one rarely sees an astral man, the abundant life being nature-emanations and the essential spirits of wild beasts. Thus one may wander in its verdant astral shades for months and not meet a single human creature. But if one is so fortunate as to meet a woman on the astral plane, she will prove most gracious, her company being a welcome recompense for periods of loneliness.

The Auric Egg as the Real Man

The presence of a friend in these wastes is signalized by the gleam of his aura which appears, as adepts have asserted, "as an oval mass of luminous mist of highly complex structure, which from its shape is sometimes called 'the Auric Egg.' " "This is not a mere emanation," says our author, "but the actual manifestation of the ego on the higher plane. . . . It is the *Auric Egg* which is the real man, not the physical body which on this plane crystallizes in the midst of it. For the sake of clearness the contents of the auric egg are spoken of as 'the etheric double,' a new name for a very old idea, it being known that the mold on which each physical body is created is held in perpetuity by the Lords of Karma. The agents of these lords, the Lipika, are able to grant each man an aural mold according to which a suitable physical body may be framed."

The inhabitants of the astral and higher planes are extremely varied, almost as much so as on the physical plane. English, however, is not a universal language; indeed, it is seldom heard even on the astral levels, and above they use only some derivative or dialect of the Sanskrit. Evidently a language which, like the English, seldom rises even to the astral plane, can never aspire to be esoterically universal, while at the upper limit of Devachan, as is well understood, *all* language disappears. Only the Voice of the Silences, the vibration of the perfect

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word Om, which closes the lips whenever it is spoken, resounds in the Crystal Vaults Superior!

The inhabitants of the astral and higher planes are of seven kinds, in accord with the sacred number seven, which rules the etheric universe. They are, in English translation: (1) the Embodied, (2) the Bodiless, (3) the Shells, (4) the Incubi, (5) the Extra Planetary visitors (tourists or immigrants) (6) the Essences, (7) the Artificials.

The Embodied Entities have bodies left on earth during their absence on astral pursuits. These are of many types, some being chelas or adepts for whom such visits may be called professional. Some are canny Yogis or Initiates, possessed of second sight. Some are the astral doubles of worthy men fast asleep at home, whose shadows drift about wafted by odic currents or vagrant zephyrs. A few other entities are magicians, white or black, on their own errands of good or evil. There are also on this plane certain students of the Invisible not yet filled with the lore of the Mahatma. It is said that most of these self-renouncing seekers after truth are of Slavic or of Irish origin, and the wise visitor on this plane should greet them with the Omnic Kiss of Esoteric Brotherhood.

Of bodiless entities the variety is equally great. Perfect souls from Nirvana sometimes descend,

The Nature of Bodiless Entities

creating for themselves a sublime astral body, since the refined vesture of their abode is invisible in astral sight. These visitors never attempt to influence anything on a lower plane, having felt in Nirvana a total quenching of desire. In the astral plane, the ego of a Mahatma may await reincarnation, for the great master, Gautama-Buddha, himself, set here the precedent.

Such matters must be carefully arranged, for by the least slip one may be swept away into the ordinary tide of humanity, his previous spiritual experiences lost and forgotten. Often, too, to avoid the pains and risks of teething and other child-woes the adept will enter an adult body left tenantless, temporarily or permanently, by a former occupant. The advantages of remaining bodiless are nevertheless considerable, as one can thus avoid fatigue or injury, at the same time retaining perfect consciousness. The drawback is that while nothing can touch him in the bodiless state, he in turn can touch nothing.

The Astral Shells are soulless bundles of qualities temporarily fastened together by some one's will or thought and of human appearance; though drifting about in the astral forests like tumbleweeds on a prairie. These when seen are usually known as ghosts, and persons with second sight have often observed such "bluish-white misty forms

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in cemeteries hovering over the graves where are laid the physical vestures which they have recently left." Through black magic, Astral Shells are sometimes galvanized into ghastly forms to be used in the loathsome orgies of detestable societies of witches and of wizards, gathered about some hideous boiling cauldron of horrors.

The Incubi, still more unpleasant, are clusters of wicked qualities wrenched from their possessors as a seed may be torn from an unripe fruit. These take a fiendish delight in the arts of delusion, using all their powers to lead others to excesses which proved fatal to themselves. Of this nature are the vampire and the wehr-wolf (already referred to) which we of the fifth root race* seldom encounter, yet which to Slavic and to Teutonic adepts were for centuries objects of fear and danger in astral regions and occasionally upward to Devachan. All such abominations are of human origin.

Not so the visitors from other planets, at times found in Astrum but more often in Devachan. Of them we know but little, because only the most ethereal of earthly Mahatmas can move from planet to planet without entering the frigid space between. When these visitors appear, they choose a body put together temporarily out of unused astral materials. Each wears a distinctive badge. A ring indicates

*See Chapter III, pages 73-74, for reference to former root races.

Elemental Essences and Nature Spirits

those from Saturn, five belts are from Jupiter, a tiny scarlet spear and shield from Mars and a silver mirror with a golden rim from Venus. In Shushup, guests from each of the signs of the Zodiac are received, the best-attested being a charming young lady from Virgo and a Mahatma from Canis Major bearing the badge of a great dog or wolf.

The sixth class is that of Elemental Essences. Created as an association of ideas, they may become permeated by the life principle, then float or drift through astral space, until crystallized as an ego to be embodied in a man. They are sometimes incarnate as animals, and a learned writer on the secret doctrine describes her encounter with a number of these strange Essences, embodied in anthropoid apes already individualized and ready to take human incarnations at the next round, or even sooner.

Then in the etheric plane swarm Nature Spirits, the tiny emanations of sunny banks of moss, the foamy waterfall or the fragrance of the roses. Some, again, are dim and gigantic, the products of the mighty canyon, the roar of the sea or the awesomeness of the forest. They may assume all forms according to fancy, though when at rest they take the shape most befitting their natures. Ordinarily they are out of human sight, but they have the power of self-materialization, and can be developed into

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visual clearness by the effort of the powerful will. Such essentials are known to the East as djinns and sprites and peris, but in the West they have many names—fairies, gnomes, elves, imps—and the classic Greeks called them fauns and satyrs. Those who live in water are the undines, those in the air, sylphs and those in the fire, salamanders. Wild essential spirits do not enjoy the presence of man, nevertheless they often try to help him, or play little tricks on him for their own amusement. They have no real dislike for humanity and yet the constant rush of astral currents set up by the restless, ill-regulated desires of Europeans disturbs and annoys them. In India they are more at ease and lie about under the palms and the bulbul trees.

The highest of Essences or non-human entities is the Deva, a superhuman essence destined to become man, but which has remained for a time fixed in an indeterminate or superior stage. Such creatures, according to the common expression in Devachan, "have yielded to the temptation to become a god." No blame attaches to this expression. The path of incarnation thus accepted is not the shortest but it is a very noble one; and with some not yet well-tempered for humanity it is the best suited to their natures. At this stage of our striving it is of course impossible to tell when we shall have earned the right to choose our own future.

Winged Globes and Fiery Wheels

At any rate, before we ourselves reach Devachan, we should not be too ready to despise those who have never seen fit to drop below that level.

These devas are the winged globes and fiery wheels of our secret doctrine. There must, of course, be seven classes of them, as there are seven of Nature Spirits and seven of elemental essences. Each class, also, must have a Devarajah or king of devas, making seven in all; but outside the circle of initiation, little is known and less should be said concerning the higher three. The four ordinarily spoken of are called, respectively, the north, south, east and west wind, or the kings of earth, air, water and fire, clad (as relating to each) in green, yellow, blue and red. But these designations and descriptive vestments are symbols only, telling nothing of authentic names and duties—inner mysteries of the White Mahatmas, unknown even to the Black Magicians, or to the seers of djinns and wraiths.

The last, or seventh, class of astral entities is by far the most important to man. The Artificials are man-created and by their “return influence” or reaction they make and unmake man. To this group belong the creations of the poet, undying and tangible in proportion to the poet’s creative power. In the same class, too, are all good wishes and all anathemas, all hopes, fears, faiths, creeds and embodied loves and hates. Each finds in time a living

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shape felt or seen by all canny psychic children in the flesh, a menace or a shield not limited by time or space. Elementals of this kind are often utilized in the "sendings" of living objects transmitted invisibly through space for the delight of a friend or confusion of a foe.

Such elemental artificials are embodiments of man's will and thought. Once wrought together by longing, fear or crime, they may last for ages. "An elemental," it has been wisely said, "is a perfect storage battery from which there is practically no leakage. After a thousand years a conception carefully worked out and firmly fixed exhibits unimpaired vitality."

When these artificials are formed consciously and purposely, they may be made the engines of tremendous power. Occultists of both the white and the black schools employ them frequently, and no other influence in all the psychical universe can be so potent. But evil use is not so common as it would be were it not that the highest occult power is granted only to the virtuous, and the black magicians are often torn to pieces by the fiends of their own raising. Thus cast back from Davachan, their former power is lost to them and their reincarnation as dogs or monkeys by way of purification is extremely probable.

To create artificials of extreme virulence and

Submersion of Lemuria

power has been the work of the cult known as "the Lords of the Dark Face." Among other things they made "wonderful speaking animals who had to be quieted by an offering of blood lest they should awaken their masters and warn them of impending destruction." From creatures of this type, formed for a special purpose and afterward neglected by an overworked magician, the race of parrots is descended. "The devotees of the ghostly goddess Kale once performed rites too horrid to describe, the results of which were the submergence of the continent of Lemuria* with the loss of sixty-five million, two hundred and eighty-five thousand human lives, besides several myriads of promising anthropoids only lately condensed from Devachan."

According to another writer, "even a mere Swami who has been in Nirvana only as a Mahatma's guest could speak a word which could blast your mountains, blight your fruit or growing grain, or flood your valleys with the waters of the sea. Such mystic words there be and we know them. Our finger could point unerringly to limitless fountains of gold in your hills. But in America the Swami stays his voice and withholds his hand, for his life is one of meekness and self-renunciation, and these things must not be.

"It is in the formation of artificials that a man's

*See Chapter III, page 74.

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real character appears, whether on the physical earth or in Astrum or Devachan. The true adept forswears all that may be harmful to others." He may not use his power for his own advancement, hence his vow of poverty is for the protection of his soul. Having no selfish end in view, he is ready to believe and to worship. To the Western mind, belief and worship are as yet undreamed of. Instead of the silence of Om and the perfect rest of Nirvana, one hopes for more business, more action, more pain, more unrest. The physical plane is the goal of life and the planes above it are valueless assets of dreamland.

"But India calls you! Turn then your faces to the East, O people of the West, 'wise men in your snail-shells curled,' and learn of the patient, restful millions whose dreams, daily and nightly, bring more truth than all your struggles and your science of two thousand years. The faith of Europe has long since lost its hold on thoughtful men and soulful women. The only reality in your lives is pain. The light of your old altar-fires is growing dim and when again it is relighted it must be in the name of the Master of Renunciation and his servants and followers. It shall be for the worship of the Suffering Unconscious, to whom pain and pleasure are alike dreams, mere floating shadows which dim for the moment the serenity of completed being."

~ The Vedanta philosophy of India, however, dis-

The Sumptuosity of Security

plays the beauty of Esoteric Sciosophy in its most exalted revelation. "You do not reason, but after going through a certain discipline *you see*, and having seen, you can report the truth." The eloquent Swami, Vivekananda, during his visit to America, expounded this loftiest of systems. Said he:

"When man has seen himself as One with the Infinite Being of the universe, when all separateness has ceased, when all men, all women, all angels, all gods, all animals, all plants, the whole universe has been melted into that oneness, then all fear disappears. Whom to fear? Can I hurt myself? Can I kill myself? Can I injure myself? Do you fear yourself? Then will all sorrow disappear. What can cause me sorrow? I am the One existence of the universe. Then all jealousies will disappear; of whom to be jealous? Of myself? Then all bad feelings disappear. Against whom shall I have this bad feeling? Against myself? There is none in the universe but me . . . kill out this differentiation, kill out this superstition that there are many. He who, in this world of many, sees that One; he who, in this mass of insentieny, sees that One Sentient Being; he who, in this world of shadow, catches that Reality, unto him belongs eternal peace, unto none else, unto none else."

This concept of an "*Absolute One and a I that One*" imparts, as William James has observed, "*a perfect sumptuosity of security.*"

CHAPTER VII

SCIOSOPHY AND THE STARRY HEAVENS

The world moves—but the stars are fixed.—EVANGELINE S. ADAMS.

*But who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?*

—JAMES THOMPSON.

HAVING definitely accepted the fact of man's existence on earth,—a matter indeed questioned by certain cults, though hardly open to debate,—what are some of the solid sciosophic guide-posts we discover on the path of human destiny? Many of these, revered of old, are now outworn; yet a few, of fine endurance, still stand for us, the “latest progeny of time.” Among them, for instance, we find the venerable practice of astrology or star-divination, generously supplemented in these latter days by the art of casting horoscopes.

To our spiritual forebears the glories of the firmament were recognized as the greatest of marvels. While “all things of earth seemed temporary and changing, the stars pursued their courses with unerring regularity”; “the fixed stars, ever present

What Stars Do to Man

and never diminishing, seemed guardians over the affairs of this terrestrial sphere" around which they daily revolved. It is a very old saying that "the stars rule men, but God rules the stars." To discover then the purposes of ruling deities, a correct reading of the heavens was naturally a matter of great importance. It was also decidedly less "messy" than examination of the entrails of a sheep or goat, a method which, though undoubtedly satisfying in many ways, left much to be desired in nicety. The process of star-reading was practised in ancient philosophy and religion. But however valuable the old art of astral divination, it was left to the thirteenth and later centuries to confirm astrology in its proper place as a human necessity. The famous mathematician, Cardon, declared that

"Great things depend
Upon the tip of the bear's tail end,
Which as he whisks it towards the sun
Strews mighty empires up and down."

The renowned chemist of the sixteenth century, Theophrastus Bombastus von Hohenheim, otherwise known as Paracelsus, expressed a great truth—as he saw it—in the following statements:

"The sun and the stars attract something from us, and we attract something from them, because our astral bodies are in sympathy with the stars, and

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the stars are in sympathy with our astral bodies; but the same is the case with the astral bodies of all other objects. They all attract astral influences from the stars. Each body attracts certain particular influences from them; some attract more and others less; and on this truth is based the power of amulets and talismans, and the influence which they may exercise over the astral form of the bearer. Talismans are little boxes, in which sidereal influences may be preserved.”

And Rabelais, his contemporary, the cynical French philosopher, took cognizance of the common practise of star-divination by poking fun at it, the ridicule of virtue forming a leading part of his literary rôle. So he writes:

“This year there will be so many eclipses of the sun and moon that I fear (not unjustly) our pockets will suffer inanition, be fully empty, and our feeling at a loss. Saturn will be retrograde, Venus direct, Mercury as unfixed as quicksilver. And a pack of planets won’t go as you would have them.

“For this reason the crabs will go sidelong, and the rope-makers backward; the little stools will get upon the benches, and the spits on the racks, and the bands on the hats; fleas will be generally black; bacon will run away from the peas in Lent. There won’t be a bean left in a twelfth cake, nor an ace in a flush; the dice won’t run as you wish, though you

The Future Satire of Rabelais

cog them, and the chance that you desire will seldom come; brutes shall speak in several places; Shrove-tide will have its day; one part of the world will disguise itself to gull and chouse the other, and run about the streets like a parcel of addle-pated animals and mad devils; such hurly-burly was never seen since the devil was a little boy; and there will be above seven and twenty irregular verbs made this year, if Priscian doesn't hold them in. If God doesn't help us we shall have our hands full.

"I find by the calculations of Albumazar in his book of his great conjunction, and elsewhere, that this will be a plentiful year of all manner of good things to those who have enough; but your hops of Picardy will go near to fare the worse for the cold. As for oats, they'll be a great help to horses. I dare say, there won't be much more bacon than swine. Pisces having the ascendant, it will be a mighty year for mussels, cockles and periwinkles. Mercury somewhat threatens our parsley beds, yet parsley will be to be had for money. Hemp will grow faster than the children of this age, and some will find there is but too much of it. There will be very few bonchre-tiens, but choke pears in abundance. As for corn, wine, fruit, and herbs, there never was such plenty as will be now, if poor folks may have their wish."

Certain modern writers, however, having the background of added years, pursue the general sub-

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ject much farther than did Paracelsus, even. For illustration I may take a recent volume in which are carefully treated two sciences, astrology and ethnology,—the one ancient, the other still hopefully waiting to be born. The author's argument, as will be seen, proceeds without a hitch. Let us now examine it.

A. The seasons on our earth are four, of three months each. Each month has its sign in the heavens, the constellation in which for the period the sun is definitely placed. Each of these signs bears a Latin name, usually that of some animal or other personality from which influence emanates. When the sun is in one of these signs, the earth is in the opposite, yet it is the position of the sun and the nature of the sign which really control humanity.

The sun, for example, being in Scorpio, the earth is in Taurus; but the malignant scorpion rather than the turbulent bull then directs human affairs. Our luckless planet, caught between these two tremendous agencies, can not fail to be affected and in its most sensitive feature, humanity, and at man's most impressionable period, the day of his birth. It is here that astrology impinges on ethnology.

B. Furthermore, all agree that four major races of men exist—the black, the yellow, the red and the white. In each of these groups one may, by searching, find three distinct tribes, twelve in all. They

The Sun Enlivens Constellations

thus correspond in number to the twelve signs of the zodiac, the constellations traversed each year by the sun. It is evident, of course, that such correspondence is not accidental; and the problem was to trace each different race back to the influence of the constellation which has especially molded it. The writer of the monograph on this abstruse subject feels entire confidence in the conclusions arrived at during her researches and carefully explains the particular zodiacal influence affecting each race at its initial moment and afterward fixed by race heredity.

C. But—and here is the vital feature—men of other blood born under the same sign are sure to show many traits in common with the race thus initiated. This fact our author takes the pains to present by a series of illustrative photographs. Herein, on each one of the several pages, appears a central portrait showing the characteristic traits of a particular race. Around each of these typical presentments are then grouped pictures of men and women of European stock, born in the month from which the race in question dates; such persons, you can see, will naturally possess similarities of feature with the designated type. Nevertheless, to secure the portraits, and to group them properly, required a great deal of research of a kind unusual even in Sciosophy. In certain details, also, it must

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be confessed, there is room for difference of opinion, and one is occasionally forced to disagree markedly with the author's conclusions.

In the elaborate series painstakingly set forth the Semitic-Aries type, for instance, is brilliantly represented—though extra-territorially, as it were—by Nicholas Murray Butler, quite alien in all outward appearance, most people would say, to the dominant mass.

Under the Sibiric-Gemini aggregation—the Japanese and Ainu—the two best-known intruders are Queen Victoria and Emerson. Here the resemblance of Victoria to a Japanese gentleman is especially stressed for the reader's benefit, while the well-bearded members of the series are compared to the Ainu.

On the other hand, the Sinitic-Librans, made up primarily of Chinese and Burmese, leave a little too much even to the occult imagination, for among the outsiders we find Frances Willard and George F. Kunz, with no explanatory note to enlighten "the general."

Those of the Indian-Aquarius group, clustering around American Indians of several races, seem moreover (to the casual observer) of varied unlikeness. Among them are Robert Burns, Edward Everett Hale and Mozart.

The Polynesian-Cancer page portrays Benjamin

Constellations Rule the Races

Ide Wheeler, General Goethals, Mary Baker Eddy and numerous others grouped with a Samoan and a Hawaiian beauty,—a pleasing conjunction, to say the least, as all who have ever visited the South Seas will attest.

The Malay-Scorpions, arranged around an aged Maori chieftain, include Edward VII, Garfield, Luther and Paderewski. The resemblance of either King Edward or Garfield to the young Malay would, nevertheless, scarcely be noted were it not brought directly to one's attention.

Under the Hamitic-Leo type, circling the portrait of a Kabyle, we find Napoleon, Goldwin Smith, Lord Tennyson and others which, it would appear, might as well be placed under Aries, the occult resemblances only being more than skin deep.

The Aryan-Sagittarius group is rich in variety, including various Asiatics, as well as Latins and Nordics. Milton, Beethoven and Carlyle serve here as prominent examples. The Sudanese or Taurus type—a typical negro being of course the central figure—includes General Grant, Edwin Markham and Henry Cabot Lodge. No one of them, however, I hasten to explain, shows the low flat nose characteristic of the Sudanese people.

The Bantu-Virgo type, also but not visibly negroid, consists largely of philosophers grouped around a Bantu chief. The resemblances again are

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deeply occult, for the Bantu is no philosopher. William T. Harris appears as the outstanding member of this set.

The Bushman-Capricorn group, centering in a Hottentot and a Bushman, requires (if possible) even more occult penetration, although the author notes the common breadth between the eyes of her subjects and "the peculiar squint typical of the Bushman type." Here we find Gladstone and Woodrow Wilson, characters of such universal interest that the new light thus shed upon their origins will necessarily prove illuminating.

In the Negristic-Pisces type, Longfellow, Burbank, Simon Newcomb, Geraldine Farrar and others, are compared with Melanesian negroids and a Fijian recorded by error as Australian.

So much for the groupings.

It furthermore appears that while the bodies of men are fashioned by heredity, they are otherwise stamped by the "stored-up energy of the law." "The same parents might produce children identically the same if it were not for the stamp of the law," set at birth by the signs under which they are born. Again "in Adam himself we find a man who was just a step higher in the animal kingdom than the animal which brought him forth, and a brother to the ancestor of the ape and the monkey." In the Apocrypha, "Book of Jubilees, Chap. 3,

The Missing Link and the Sun-Spots

Verse 28," so the author shows, it is related that man and the animals had up to one time spoken a common language. "On that day was closed the mouth of all beasts and of cattle and of all birds and of whatever walked and whatever moveth, so that they could no longer speak, for they had all spoken one with another, with one lip and one tongue."

This explains the mystery of the "Missing Link."

The ancients could interpret the sun only by intuition and they naturally imagined that its function was to rule by day even as the moon by night. But as human vision helped itself by the use of convex lenses of glass, the sun was seen to show at times large dark spots waxing and waning across its face. Later it was found that the spots appear at intervals of about eleven years and that their presence involves electric changes or disturbances on the earth; and as once each day they are exposed to the whole earth, the resultant electric phenomena are distinguished from ordinary weather fluctuations by extending all over the globe.

Furthermore, as some have discovered through intuition and algebraic deduction that the Earth contains no matter whatever, only myriads of revolving electrons, each with a positive and negative pole, one sees that earthquakes, cyclones and hurricanes are encouraged or caused by activities of the sun-spots.

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The greatest importance of this discovery lies in its application to the affairs of men. It is true that Jupiter, Saturn, and all the suns in Orion and Scorpio are larger than our sun, but at the same time they are almost infinitely farther away. Whether Arcturus or Sirius have sun-spots or not we may never know; in this life, at least, they won't bother us. But with our great electric center only about ninety-five millions of miles away, the case is quite different. The body of man is now said to be an electro-magnet, and when our own sun turns toward us its great spotted face, humanity itself shows unwonted excitement.* Thus, in a paper by Professor Tchijevsky of Moscow, read lately at Philadelphia before a branch of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, various unexpected facts are made evident:

“The upper part of the sun-spot curve began in 1926 and will end in 1929. The corresponding effect on the earth is patent to all: influenza in Europe, social disorder in Mexico, Nicaragua, China, crime wave in the United States, political dictatorships showing their heads almost everywhere in one form or another, and threatening the very existence of democracy, for which our soldiers bled and died.

*To protect the individual from “maleficent sunlight,” a scholar wise in the lore of sun-spots suggests that “the medical fraternity screen their patients from it during the upper part of the sun-curve.”

What the Stars Tell Us

And all this fully in the teeth of feverish attempts at universal peace.’’

A modicum of hope and guidance nevertheless exists for all those willing to avail themselves of it, in the perfected method of astral divination, illustrations of which may be gleaned from the current press. Thus, in our leading dailies, “What the Stars Predict” and “What the Planets Tell” divide space with “the revolt of youth” and the fact that “Dempsey went to bed early, laying his million dollar body between white linen sheets.” Some months ago, in my morning paper I read:

“This is an unlucky day . . . The seers predict the coming year will be as marked by vice and crime as 1925. It is possible for men to attain true greatness through science.* There will be new wonders performed. Children of super-talents will be born before the middle of the century. Persons whose birthdate it is should be wary of changes in the coming year, which may bring unexpected conditions. Children born on this day will develop remarkable characters. They will be extremists either for good or evil.”

Another journal had the following:

“Good and evil aspects appear to contend to-day. It is a time to act wisely and to trust only the most careful decisions.

*A generous attitude in Sciosophy, *n'est ce pas?*

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"The moon is in a sign making for success through enterprises that require foresight and imagination. We remind the world that the eclipse of July is supposed to be largely responsible for military movements and international misunderstandings.

"Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a quiet year in which prosperity will add to the number of friends.

"Children born on this day probably will be endowed with minds which are brilliant but slothful. It is well to train these subjects of Virgo into habits of industry."

The cheerful promise of another day (September 12, 1926) was glowingly set forth:

"Good luck should attend most endeavors to-day, certain benefic aspects being strongly dominant. It is a time of real inspiration for poets and composers, who are to benefit greatly from public appreciation.

"Romance flowers under this sway of the stars, which precipitates engagements and marriages. Summer flirtations may become serious pursuits of happiness.

"This is read as an auspicious time for women to begin public work.

"Persons whose birthdate it is have a most fortunate year, if the stars are to be believed. They

Virgo and Scorpio

should push all their affairs, for success is strongly indicated.

“Children born on this day probably will have prosperous years. Many of these subjects of Virgo enjoy the forests. Profits from dealing in timber or working in wood are easily made.”

In another astute Monarch of the Dailies, I find a thought-compelling account of the influence of Scorpio:

“To-day’s planetary aspects are adverse, and continue so until noon. They then change abruptly and become very benign and the signs indicate that the influences will affect emotions more than activities. During the morning, attention should only be given to routine duties. Poise should be established, as there will be evidenced a strong tendency to find fault and to become querulous. In the afternoon, it will not be advisable to attempt anything calling for exceptional energy or unusual enterprise. In the evening, however, there will be present stimulating vibrations, and this should be an ideal occasion for lovers, as responsiveness will be in the air.

“Children born to-day will, during early infancy, display none of those signs of health and vigor which, later in life, will characterize them. Great care should be exercised in all matters that relate to alimentation and fresh air. These are the two essentials that will enable them to outgrow their early

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weakness and attain that normal adulthood which they are destined to enjoy. In disposition, they will be rather peevish and complaining. They will be unduly sensitive, and always ready to wilt under criticism.

“If to-day is your birthday, you have quite a tempestuous disposition, and never dream of testing the efficacy of ‘the soft word turneth away wrath.’ You possess a permanent ‘chip on the shoulder,’ and it is never difficult for you to persuade yourself that one and all are trying to knock it off. You, of course, are a belligerent with a very quick temper, although you are able to quickly gain control of your emotions. Your energy and persistency always keep you busy and your nerves, nearly always on an edge—will not permit you to remain idle. You are impulsive and jump to conclusions very hastily. Unfortunately, many of your conclusions are both extreme and erroneous. Your love is of the demonstrative variety, and you require steadfast love in return. All those who celebrate their birth to-day should if possible, marry young, as the responsibilities of wedded life will do more than anything else to stop the ‘rocking of the boat,’ due to their inability to ‘keep still.’ ”

Even the Lord’s Day, one sees, is not exempt from baleful influences, for we read again:

“Threatening stars appear to rule on this Sabbath day, which should be passed quietly.

Even on Sunday

“The clergy may perceive lack of interest, and even a reluctance to fulfill obligations while this rule prevails.

“The Prince of Wales comes under a direction of the stars which appears ominous. He may lose his popularity suddenly.

“Women should be especially careful not to transgress the laws in any direction, for they are subject to a rule making for daring and dishonest practices.

“Music is still subject to the best influences making for new demands for it and increased returns for artists.

“Persons whose birthdate it is should be especially careful to safeguard property and money in the coming year.

“Children born on this day have the augury of success through things that appeal to women: dress, jewels and amusements.”

The personal horoscope, however, is the culmination of astrology. It is fairly simple to forecast general conditions by a reading of the sky, as when Mars crosses Leo, or Uranus becomes embedded in the entrails of the Crab. The fine art is to deal with the individual, adapting star-knowledge to the needs of the common man:

“Astrology may be called the foundation of all sciences. It is God’s Law, and is the index of all

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things found upon the material plane. Each and every planet has its DIRECT AND POSITIVE INFLUENCE upon EACH and EVERY HUMAN FORM.

“THE HOROSCOPE, when properly cast, indicates the condition of health and constitution—how it may be strengthened when weak; it shows all kinds of diseases; deaths; your talents and profession; financial affairs; your environment, domestic affairs; love and marriage; tells about children; when and where to travel; what to seek and what to avoid; when in danger of illness, accidents, death, losses, troubles, etc., besides many other very important things which cannot be mentioned here. It shows your good periods coming—GIVING DATES OF THESE EVENTS FOR THE FUTURE. How best to deal with those you come in contact with—for YOUR HOROSCOPE is also the key to the character of OTHERS, and in this respect can be of the utmost use to you. All this and much more may be known through a carefully erected Horoscope.

“THE HOROSCOPE, in fact, tells everything about one's self worth knowing, being in truth, one of the best investments the world offers.

“Complete delineations in detail, from the following: The Rising Sign, Ruling Planet, Planetary Aspects; Arc of Directions; Primary and Secondary Directions (Progressed Planets, etc.), giving the principal events of your life for the future.

What Price Astrology?

“You can expect remarkable, satisfactory and beneficent results in these fascinating, but deep, difficult and useful sciences (which are mastered by few only) from a reader possessing high intellectual and moral attainments, strict honesty, an analytical quality of mind, with large experience, trained judgment, etc., so as to balance the delicate considerations and synthesize all deductions accurately.

“A scientific palmist must be a specialist with the hand, and it is his business to prove the purpose for which lines are placed there. If a Palmist and Astrologer can not deal correctly with your temperament, character, health, matters relating to relatives, etc., as well as other important events in your past life, do not place any confidence in his skill in predicting future events. Your hand or Horoscope is not read every day, but when you do have a reading, it should be absolutely correct.

“The most sensible and thoughtful human beings are those who look ahead and prepare themselves for what is coming, good or ill; the weak and timid fear to face the future, lacking the courage to work with nature’s laws, or to understand them.”

The method of predicting backward, however, is condemned by every cultivated student of the stars, as being quite unfair to a subject. It is easy, of

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course, to find out the date of a man's birth, also to size up his achievements or failures and ascribe them to the position of the sun or stars at the time. But this simple procedure can take no account of the local influences bearing on him, and still less of his own efforts to modify his fate. For the will of man can modify fate. It is indeed itself one of the Fates; and to the man who makes his own career regardless, the highest of praises is due. Very often is it true, as Cassius observed to his colleague,—

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

There is no fate that can not be in some degree circumvented or controlled, if taken in time. This fact, although narrowly limited, tends to make life worth while.

An illustration of the unfair use of star lore is shown in the preparation of the *ex post facto* horoscope. When we learn what a man has accomplished and wherein he has failed, we view him as an automaton deserving no credit for the great or noble things he may have done,—and no blame for his shortcomings.

It now appears that the year in which a certain brilliant poet passed away was one of the worst in history. During “the cross of 1926” Jupiter

The Unjust Retrohoroscope

has been in opposition to Neptune, Saturn in opposition to Mars, and each square to each other during the year. "In the November cross it was read on the stellar script that ere the moon waxed full a great soul would pass out. Neptune, the planet that rules poets and poetry, liquids, poisons and secret things was high in the midheaven of the tenth house, in the sign of the Sun, Leo which rules the heart making a square to Saturn, the planet of Death, from the sign of death, Scorpio, from the first house." Thus the stellar observations, after the fact, show the forces which inevitably brought about the death of our poet.

As to his birth, the retrohoroscope continues:

"He was born in the double-bodied sign of Sagittarius, a mutable fiery sign . . . which gives a just and honorable disposition, great activity of mind and body with a strange prophetic power. . . . He loved everything that was bold and free, was kind-hearted and very sympathetic, but at times too impulsive. He had a love of liberty and freedom, dislike for a master and would not be driven. The ruling planet of this sign is benign Jupiter, the greater fortune."

Despite this fine send-off his mature life was vexed by the machinations of the planets. "At the age of twenty-one, the moon in Scorpio drove him into a marriage which lasted until fifteen years later

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the moon came into conjunction with Uranus in opposition to Venus, leaving no way out save through divorce. . . . So when Fate handed him the sweet cup of genius, she also applied the whip-lash of Saturn,—Saturn the ponderous planet with his eleven moons,—for she bound his sun to this planet of oppression, to Saturn the reaper, and it was he (Saturn) who said '*Time*' and life's cord was out."

Along this line, for several more pages, our author continues, showing the relation of each planet to the zodiacal signs. For example, "Uranus in Cancer, when afflicted by Venus would cause a chaotic condition in his home. This would also give him a tendency to nervous indigestion as Cancer rules the stomach."

Now it is plain to all that, however true these deductions may be, the casting of such a postmortem is grossly unfair to the object of it. His glory and his limitations are thus fixed beforehand and as he goes on; courage and ambition, love and caution, avail him nothing when Venus and Uranus cross his path.

To have one's fate laid out from day to day in the morning press is most encouraging and reassuring to puzzled humanity. To reveal, after death, the strings to which one has danced, is in its way a sort of mean advantage to which great star diviners would not willingly stoop.

CHAPTER VIII

THE CARE AND CULTURE OF ARISTOCRACY A PREROGATIVE OF SCIOSOPHY

The King and the People are clean different.—CHARLES I.

A most notable virtue of Sciosophy lies in the facility with which it can be made to work, not only in individual human life but in the history of mankind. People take to it naturally and even enthusiastically. One of its choicest products is the hereditary aristocracy, nowhere more important or more interesting than in practical, democratic self-contained England, solid and stolid, yet upheld by a burning loyalty to its best sciosophic traditions.

For a thousand years, ever since the days of William the Conqueror, English pride and Norman blood have cherished the close alliance out of which the hereditary aristocracy arose. But the Red Riot of to-day imperils the permanence of this exalted, almost divine institution. Unfortunately, as W. T. Stead has phrased it, "it is engaged in digging its own grave," perhaps because it forgets its proper nature and purpose. Let us therefore give atten-

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tion to a vivifying sermon delivered some years ago by the Reverend Vicar of Girlington, near London. For his theme, as it appears to me, touches on a matter which vitally affects the future of England and perchance of America also.

“The Leisure Classes, the Chief Support of the Nation they adorn”—such was the topic of this remarkable discourse read before an audience of superior people by the well-beloved Vicar, whose actual name I do not give lest my feeble words fail to interpret his lofty ideals. In substance his text recalls the tribute of the eloquent Cicero, who in gratitude to his noble patrons in Rome, called them (collectively) “*ornamentum civitalis, firmamentum rei publicæ, flos equitum.*”*

From the press notices that came under my eye, it appears that the admired and admirable vicar finds his mission in the salvation of the British aristocracy through its complete restoration to the ranks of leisure. In his judgment the aristocrats or superior persons serve society best by standing as examples of human perfectibility. This is the end they should seek, through utter surcease from all worry, all effort and all personal hopes and desires.

The vicar would indeed make of the upper classes a group, not of hereditary rulers, but of

*“The ornament of the state, the foundation of public affairs, the flower of justice.”

Laborers and Leisurers

elect exemplars of what humanity may become, a condition to be open to a chosen few to whom is granted release from the sordid side of life. From such relief the great body of the British people are of course excluded,—not from any fault or deficiency of their own, but simply because there is not leisure enough to go around. Thus for the chosen the mass must live, the many gather honey for the few to enjoy. But in fairness—and this I take it is the vital part of the vicar's contention—all should have an equal chance at the onset.

A rationally organized society would then consist of two classes which for convenience we may call the laborers and the leisurers. To the former belongs the capitalist as well as the workman; all indeed who work with hand or tongue or pen or brain labor alike. The leisurer alone enjoys that perfect serenity which comes from fearing nothing, wanting nothing, hoping for nothing. True happiness rests on a division of duty; a natural cleavage lies between those who create and those who enjoy, each condition, however, having its own peculiar delight. Between the two yawns a great gulf which society crosses only at its peril.

The vicar's discourse harks back to the words of Solomon, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise," an injunction inciting alike to modesty and thrift, two virtues of which the ant

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is a model. She knows her place and keeps it. Aspiration goes with aviation; having no wings, she never tries to fly. More exactly, only a few ants, and these largely females, have wings or the desire to use them.

But in addressing the leisurer the vicar should really have modified his advice: "Go rather to the bee; consider his ways and be wise." Physically, as every one knows, the bee resembles the ant, but his social system is organized on a more exalted basis. With him the leisure class is unquestionably the chief support of the society it adorns. And now to make clear the vicar's appeal, I find it necessary to amplify the too meager report given in the *Girlington Guardian*, and without holding the speaker closely responsible, I may draw for the moment from the fascinating observations of the noted apiarist of Brussels, Maurice Maeterlinck.

Two salient facts at once appear: first, bee society maintains its own aristocracy; second, its leisuers having no hereditary claim for distinction are chosen by lot, and by no effort of their own. As the young bees are about to hatch, their faithful nurses construct a few cells of extra size and feed the occupants on a special food, the "royal jelly" of the apiarist. These selected individuals, the "queens," then grow up in an atmosphere of leisure. To produce the harmonious and perfect

Rank Is but the Guinea's Stamp

bee for which the toiling workers exist is the culmination of the apiarian system.

In carrying the analogy into human society, the essential point (as I think the vicar would agree) is that among men as among bees, no injustice shall be done. Leisurer and laborer must both exist, but as both are of one lineage, each should have an equal chance for the great prize of existence. That "the rank is but the guinea's stamp, the man's the gold" is literally true. Royal jelly and a royal cell make the bee-aristocrat. The difference between queen and worker is purely one of bringing up; the two are of the same blood, the queen becoming regal without effort of her own.

By like means human society may breed its aristocrats—so reads the lesson to be conned from the bee. The queen exists not for her own sake, nor by inherited right. Neither should a lord among men, his only true function being to round out the humanity of his fellows, show what man has it in him to be if brought up without work or worry, marred by no trace of struggle, no fear of defeat, by nothing which wrinkles the brow, makes callous the hands nor hardens the heart! Lacking this perfect ideal, end and aim, humanity can never realize itself. Perfection, by the very nature of things, is denied the laborer. Yet how vital it is that perfection should exist!

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Plainly, however, only a few can be leisurers, though in life's grand lottery all may start alike. The needs of the hour call for the "man with the hoe" and the woman at the washtub. Some must toil and spin that the human lily may be properly arrayed. Mark, too, the perfect rose, "its own excuse for being," yet dependent on stem and leaves and roots for very existence. Its glowing petals, moreover, are but leaves transformed and perfected. Thus from the lily or the rose one may draw the same lesson as from the bee and the ant.

In his implied criticism of the British aristocracy of the renowned Victorian era, the vicar proceeds with becoming modesty. It would seem indeed presumptuous in the holder of a living, the gift of a gentleman of the County, to say one word in dispraise of conditions as they are. The very essence of organized religion is conservatism.

Yet some one must turn his face toward the light, and every student of history knows that the *Decline of Aristocracy*, as defined by one of its critical members, Mr. Arthur Ponsoby, is now imminent. The only way of avoiding decadence is to place aristocracy on a democratic basis, as it were, to open its doors to all, but at the same time keep the passage narrow so that few can enter. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way" that leadeth to perfection. 1

A Butler or a Bishop

The Victorian system is open to cavil on three sides: it is hereditary; it may be invaded by wealth; it is used as a reward for achievement.

As for heredity, one easily sees that mere aristocratic descent does not guarantee a perfect leisurer. "Blue blood" tends to run thin, and in-and-in breeding plays havoc with the human stock as well as with dogs and horses. Furthermore, inheritance smacks of privilege, and the iconoclastic Georgian Age will have none of this mid-Victorian practice. No youth is now willing to follow his father's trade. The son of a tailor no longer sits cross-legged on a bench if fate has taken him early in hand and the son of a non-conformist preacher becomes prime minister. One never knows *where* it is all going to stop! But any healthy boy, caught young enough, is soon aligned with the customs and opinions of his entourage. Set among gentlemen, nothing is easier than for him to act like a gentleman! As a matter of fact every wise butler soon acquires a manner as lordly as that of his master, whom he often instructs in the higher etiquette. Frequently, indeed, he has had longer experience and has given to items of behavior more serious thought. A sympathetic moisture of the eye and a gentle lowering of the voice in delicate moments may come as natural to him as to a bishop. In illustration of this fact, Stephen Leacock of Montreal, a

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noted American tourist, gives an amusing account of his call upon an ambassador of the United Kingdom. At the end of a discussion concerning the weather and the future of the Empire, he was still doubtful as to whether he had met the ambassador or his butler. To test the matter, therefore, he slipped a gold sovereign into the hand of his host. The coin was accepted, but in such a detached and dignified manner that the visitor's uncertainty was not dispelled by his maneuver.

With a "young person," the process of adaptation is even more rapid and sure. The charwoman's daughter brought up as a lady yields to none in ladylike perfection. Napoleon even went so far as to propose that women should have no hereditary rank at all, but content themselves with the title of their consorts. Presumably his experience with the stalwart insistence of his otherwise plebeian sisters whom he had personally ennobled determined his attitude in that regard. But most of us are familiar with the career of the Honorable Lady Silhouette, a woman of humble origin (as her friends admit) once a milkmaid or (according to traducers) a barmaid, who became through an exalted marriage "the arbitress of the elegances for all the region about her husband's manor house." From the *Morning Post* one learns that "she used, queen-like, to reign; nay, pour tea in the newest and tightest of

Manners Makyth Man

white gloves," and with that undefinable *Je ne sais quoi* which marks the true aristocrat!

An aristocracy has been defined as "a social superstructure reared on a foundation of bestness." There is but one permanent basis for "bestness." This is implied in the thousand-year-old motto of the aristocratic Winchester College, "Manners makyth man" or, in the modern vernacular, "Handsome is as handsome does."

The vicar, himself of humble birth but aristocratic connections, admits freely that it is too late in the day to lay stress on lineage. We all claim Adam as a forebear, and not one of us has ever had even a single ancestor weak enough to die in infancy. Leisurer or laborer, each has weathered the storm; in that sense, all are noble alike. Genealogists also affirm that we unmixed English people are all of Plantagenet stock, most of us through the first three Edwards, descended from William, Alfred and Charlemagne. Indeed, one eminent authority classes all Englishmen together as the "inbred descendants of Charlemagne," and Charlemagne (as we know) was at the head of a League of Nations, being at once King of France, Emperor of Germany, and overlord of Europe. Noble blood indeed is ours, but unfortunately if most Englishmen, to say nothing of some thousands of other Nordics, are to share it, it can not serve as a test of high gentility.

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It is a common reproach that the hereditary aristocrat looks on the laborer as a serf. In the classic words of King Charles the First, "The King and the people are clean different"; and the hereditary lord claims a share of the divine right of royalty. This evil, if such it be, can be readily remedied by exchange of places. In his edifying tale of *The Prince and the Pauper*, Mr. Samuel Clemens shows how this may be done. An occasional readjustment might serve the best interests of the nation, as well as those of aristocracy itself. And no lord nor lady whose position should be thus transposed ought to feel injured, all needing to be truly thankful for favors formerly enjoyed. Why should any one expect to occupy forever a place in the sun?

Again, large numbers of our so-called nobility have arisen through long years of struggle directed toward that end. Social self-extrication is a form of hard work, and labor of whatever kind mars the soul as it wrinkles the brow. A furrowed face is of itself a badge of serfdom. A mind too alert, an ambition too urgent, tends to defeat the purpose of social adornment. To diffuse sweetness and light is not an arduous occupation. Indeed to give thought to it or to make it a result of definite effort is to fail in the most important element. The leisurer who goes down into the East End to mend the manners of the poor would do better to confine himself to

Repose Necessary to the Leisurer

handing out the conventional goose and bottle of ale at the happy season of Christmas. Those who have pursued this policy enjoy a devout gratitude heightened by its rarity. If life for the laborer were all ale and goose—or beer and skittles, as vulgarly paraphrased—no one would know his place, and the barriers betwixt laborer and leisurer so carefully built up in the long centuries of England's glory would be completely broken down.

Browning paints the ideal leisurer as a king who “lived long ago in the morning of the world,” with a forehead broad as that of “a sacrificial bull but calm as a babe new born.” This is an enchanting ideal, though the rest of the description (so familiar that I need not quote it here) does not fit their lordships of to-day. No one would take it for a portrait of Northcliffe, Beaverbrook, Carson or Birkenhead, whose bustling activities keep the realm in turmoil. An aristocracy founded on labor of mind or hand is not a class of leisurers. Like my Lord Dueceace and the Duchess of Draggletail in Thackeray's satire, however high the circle in which they move, their manifest lack of noble repose only swells the confusion.

Moreover, no genuine aristocracy can be founded solely on wealth. The “bounder-nobility”—as an irreverent press styles them—are noble in their own eyes alone. In an exalted circle money could never

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be thought of, much less mentioned! The bee queen builds no cells and gathers no honey. No increment of beebread or royal jelly is due to her own activities, or received by inheritance. Queen and environment are alike parts of one system. So should it be with a true aristocracy. No quest of gold, no promotion of enterprise, no regret over the past, no worry for the future, no will to know, no call to govern, no mission to control, no fear of loss, no hope of gain, ought to intrude to break the perfect peace. Kept in place by a reverent society, the Lord of Leisure need only pose as the glint of a sunbeam across the trail of the toilers, merely strew flowers along the pathway of life, in short be like

Roses in their bloom
Casting their petals ever on the grass
Over the way the Beautiful must pass.

To all this there is an intensely practical side. If aristocracy is to endure (and without it what a dreary world indeed!) it must be constituted aright. It must reject the false bases of heredity, effort and wealth. It must not be the reward of distinction, nor attainable by any competitive examination. Its door should open to all on equal terms, even though strait the gate and narrow the way. The present House of Lords, now swollen to seven hundred members, including almost everybody able and willing to

Feeding on Royal Jelly

pay the price, will die of its own accord. Let it alone. Let the climbers of yesterday keep on climbing, while we remove the ladders behind them. Let the men who replenish the party treasuries receive in the name of our gracious King—our sole true aristocrat—whatsoever honors their patriotism deserves; but for the good of society let us build a new class in a new way. Should we fail in that endeavor the iconoclasts of the day will cast us all into the melting-pot from which no leisurer returns—an upshot the vicar would sadly deprecate!

To select noblemen by primogeniture is a process comparable to choice by loaded dice; the cast is made before the heir is born. Nothing could be more undemocratic, nothing in reality more unfair to men and women of the race in general. Then let our lords be chosen by lot from the people at large; let us pick a certain number of babies to be our future leisuers, and feed them on royal jelly* or the nearest parallel to that condiment the Honorable Caterer can secure.

All expense involved should of course be carried by the people. In the United Kingdom are some forty-eight million men and women. Let each pay alike; the assessment would then be so small that

*This expression is of course purely figurative, because no product of Cross and Blackwell will serve our indicated purpose. It is with the general problem of perfected environment that we have to deal.

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no one would even notice it. Let each contribute, say a penny yearly, for social efflorescence—for the perfected blossom of humanity. Such a trifling levy would amount in the aggregate to two hundred thousand pounds sterling, which (judiciously invested) would yield an assured annual income of ten thousand pounds, a sum quite adequate to provide for a leisurer for life. And the contribution by everybody of one shilling, a tax still absurdly small, would support twelve members of the new aristocracy each year.

The necessary sum once collected, the infant chosen should be entirely healthy, and so attested by a Court physician accustomed to the needs of the leisure classes. It ought also to be a man-child, and its future mate, having no title in her own right, would become “Lady” by courtesy, even as now the wife of the knighted grocer or jockey is recognized as “Lady” Jones or “Lady” Atkins because her husband has been touched by the flat of the King’s sword and allowed to write “Sir” before his name. But only through an impartial selection may aristocracy and democracy be satisfactorily reconciled; and only when begun before effort, ambition or deterioration has set in, can the budding leisurer be adequately trained by nurse and butler in the thoughts and manners proper to a perfect lord. Otherwise, less lovely traits might have become stiffened beyond remedy.

Kind Hearts Welcome Coronets

As his lordship grows up, the necessary allowance should come to him in regular sums only. He should never forestall, never hoard, never gamble, never speculate, never go into trade, never run into debt, never have anything left over after Christmas! He should support Society as Society has supported him; but chiefly he and the lady he may happily choose must remain through life “on the hills as gods together, careless of mankind.”

True, as the noble Lord Tennyson once observed, “kind hearts are more than coronets,” but there is nothing in the plan to inhibit possession of both at once. A coronet, moreover, may be very becoming as well as very welcome to My Lady. For our new-made lord will never marry for money nor as a rule where money is,—all dowry acquired being turned over to the state; and what more exquisite pleasure than that of a young maiden unexpectedly chosen for the high distinction of a coronet! Let us also notice the amazing widening of the possible range of choice when no dowry need be sought.

Doubtless a new title ought to be devised for the consummate flower of leisure. Lord, Duke, Earl, Knight—all these hark back to the discarded emblems of war, “the faded fancies of an elder world.” The vicar himself, I believe, was undecided, but the plan developed from hints given in his discourse should not fail just because a suitable name is not

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immediately forthcoming. The hellenistic term, "Bianthine," "flower of life," would be appropriate, but it seems rather long, used as we are to the abrupt Saxon "Lord" and "Lady," or the Norman "Sir." "Flovite" (*flos-vitæ*) might do; represented by the letters F. V., it would be a natural contrast to M. P. and a pleasing reminiscence of F. F. V., the designation of some of the *Élite* of the United States of America. This again suggests that the word *Élite* itself, a good Norman expression much valued by our Gallic allies, may be the very term we are seeking.

In any case the title selected should in some way indicate one chosen from among many, first among equals, the bloom of existence, the triumph of aspiring democracy reaching the goal of perfection amidst the leaven and the leveling of the commonry.

And may we not hope that the admirable vicar already finds ample support in his noble crusade to make the British peerage once more a counsel of perfection?

PART TWO

CHAPTER IX

TOUCHING ON SCIOSOPHY AND ECOLESIASTICISM

He that is a searcher for My Majesty shall be overwhelmed by its glory.—THOMAS À. KEMPIS.

Religion may be served even through false gods. Every man to his taste and every god for his man, if he can find no better. The starry heavens viewed through a pinhole may be better than no vision.—PRESCOTT F. JERNEGAN.

Christianity has suffered more from pious frauds than from all other causes put together.—WILLIAM PALEY, of *The Evidences*.

I am a Christian in the only sense in which he (Jesus) wished anyone to be: sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others; ascribing to him every human excellence and believing he never claimed any other.—THOMAS JEFFERSON.

THE reader is now privileged to draw a long breath and the author will strive to escape from an atmosphere of mysticism, sciolism and scholasticism in order to speak in his own person. Up to this point he has tried to set forth, in entertaining manner, examples of the methods by which, through the ages, Sciosophy has adorned or mystified truth. Always

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the most wide-spread and most varied of philosophical systems, it has also been the most comforting to the human soul, and yet at times the most perilous to the human race. For men in general have taken it seriously and during the ages have shown themselves unkind to dissenters.

Sciosophy permeates all current human thought and action; only a gigantic encyclopedia could compass its theories and their applications. The present volume barely touches the fraying edge of a huge mantle which has enveloped humanity since it gained its first knowledge of good and evil, its chief distinction—the most worthy and at the same time the most risky one. The higher man rises, the farther he may have to fall.

Sciosophy deals with everything from the cure of toothache and heartache to the fourth dimension of space or even to the fifth; from the Witch of Endor to the Angel of Mons; from the rabbit's foot to the jade amulet. It ascends, plane by plane, through all the clustering multitude of stars, to wind up in the ineffable, mouth-closing syllable of OM, which opens the portal of Nirvana, a technical term for nothing at all. So far, however, we have touched only indirectly upon the relation of Sciosophy, the shadow of wisdom, to Ecclesiasticism, the shadow of religion, a term which I may again define as the great body of organized, work-

ing, religious thought in its varying manifestations throughout the world.

My disquisition offers no space for discussion of the multiform aspects of Ecclesiasticism, nor do I feel competent for such a task. Quite the contrary. Nevertheless, I wish to present here certain considerations that come to my mind, because the very importance of religion in human life makes it a magnet for every attempted short-cut to knowledge, to happiness or to salvation.

The two great demands of common humanity are authority and sympathy, *a pillar to lean against and a bosom to weep into*. Both are amply provided by Sciosophy; human authority has been found adequate to solve all problems, and Sciosophy's fountains of sympathy bountifully flow. It is also natural that authority and sympathy, too, should cluster about the emotion of religion which, like hope, "springs eternal in the human breast," in all ages and among all peoples. On the other hand the universal feeling of awe in face of the forces of nature, or the common need of worship among men may support a whole array of priests, visible exponents and directors of religion. Thus it has come about that often what I may perhaps call the machinery of worship is mistaken for its essence, and Ecclesiasticism assumes the character of religion itself. Furthermore, rival cults based on

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rival interpretations have everywhere sadly rent the religious world over matters of trifling importance. In the words of Walter Walsh of London: "Sectarian strife is the war of symbols. No sooner is religion detached from externals than the things that create antagonism disappear."

True religion concerns our relation to each other and to the unseen and unmeasured powers surrounding us, the "infinite conscious intelligence" which envelops or constitutes the universe. The beginnings of religion, like those of science, are crude and narrow. They are born in human fear of the unknown and intangible, rise up through reverence to ideas of duty, and culminate in helpfulness and purity, for as was declared by St. James, pure religion and undefiled is to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

In popular language and often for purposes of polemic, the term religion is used as a general expression for organizations, beliefs, creeds, symbolism, traditions, poetry and superstitions, which have been developed as accessories to religious thought or feeling, or have become parasitic upon it. Such adjuncts may be intrinsically noble, beautiful, inspiring aids to right living, and thus serve the vital function of religion. They are, nevertheless, only a means to an end, not the thing itself. *Religions die, religion never.*

The Supreme Intelligence

Yet we may not condemn anything which good men and women down through the ages have found consoling or helpful, unless in our day it interferes with sane thinking or moral action. But when organizations in the name of religion strive to resist the progress of knowledge and to punish or ostracize men and women who think for themselves and by the truth are made free, their influence is evil. They should then be restricted, though by methods more kindly and tolerant than their own.

True religion is in general averse to propaganda as distinguished from sympathy and guidance. In the words of Arthur Sherburne Hardy: "No proselyting fervor urges one to throw stones into the quiet pools of belief."

It should, however, be our privilege and our duty to see for ourselves the universe in the large and to recognize with reverence the power and wisdom, if one must use human words, of the unknown and perhaps unknowable "First Cause," again to use a human term, although the universe knows neither first nor last.

To put it in another way, the fact of all pervading order in the universe seems to imply, perhaps diffused through all its parts, a majestic, undefinable entity which in our limited vocabulary we may designate as Supreme Intelligence. It is not to be demonstrated from any single verified fact. It can

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not be proved or disproved by any experiment at our command; but it can not be evaded, and one can only say that "*to me it must be true.*" The traits often assigned to Deity, the qualities of personality, of love, of wrath, properly belong only to poetry and symbolism. Even in imagination we can not expand any human trait to Infinity. To understand the Infinite, one must wait, as it were, on His level. The Psalmist's "God of things that are" transcends all our varied human conceptions. These are necessarily more or less incrustated with tradition, superstition and prejudice, and whether the God of your theology or of mine be identical with the God of Nature, we are not called upon to decide. "The goodness of God" to each one is measured by his own power to reach for and secure it. "The goodness and severity of God," as indicated by Paul, are one and the same thing, a recognition of the reign of law.

Our conduct of life is not to be bounded by a mouth-closing syllable at the door of an eternity of inaction. We must carry on in terms of life. Wisdom, as I have repeatedly said, consists in knowing what to do next, virtue in doing it. Religion should provide a reason why.

CHAPTER X

A BRIEF DEFENSE OF SCIENCE AS CONTRASTED WITH SCIOSOPHY

The very air should be charged with that fanaticism for truth which is a greater possession than learning, for veracity is the heart of morality.—HUXLEY.

One who is ignorant of the history of science is ignorant of the struggle by which mankind has passed from routine and caprice, from superstitious subjection to Nature, from efforts to see it magically, to intellectual self-possession.—JOHN DEWEY.

THE reader may now ask how, amid all the myriad phases of Sciosophy, its atmosphere of mists and myths and mysteries, the noises and voices of a vociferous world, the common man can pick up the scattered strands of truth. In most matters he can not; and throughout the “kingdom of his mind” he must trust chiefly to authority. An essential value of genuine education, however, is to know what authority to trust or, as William James used to say, “to know a good man when you see him.” The broader one’s knowledge and the more exact one’s training, the more competent will he be to choose his authorities.

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Science is ordered knowledge, no more, no less. Its scope is the entire range of objective truth. In its expansion it uses the method of induction from tested and verified observation and experiment. Imagination, often a most useful tool, can not of itself extend knowledge. At most it merely indicates lines of exploration. For it is a cardinal proposition of science that we know nothing until we find it out, and that no authority, actual or conceivable, can give answers to objective problems in advance of observation or experiment. The old formula of the Middle Ages, "*Roma locuta est, causa finita est*,"* no longer closes investigation.

Science has no complete knowledge of anything and in many matters allows itself only a choice of hypotheses. This lack of final perfection, nevertheless, does not impeach the reality of what we really find out. For example, no man ever has, most likely no man ever will see the other side of the moon, yet that fact detracts nothing from our knowledge of the half which is continually turned toward us.

Scientific induction is merely extended common sense. The homely results of human experience constitute the beginnings of science. "To come in when it rains" may or may not be good hygiene, according to circumstances. But by scanning the

*"Rome has spoken, the case is finished."

The Method of Science

clouds, one can learn somewhat of Meteorology, and then to come in *before* it rains; by testing the winds one can tell what clouds are coming; by watching the barometer we can know when winds and clouds may be expected, and so put off the picnic.

Yet ultimate truth is no man's possession, and the unknown always surrounds us on every side. The beginning, the end, the finality of ramification are alike beyond our reach. We know branchings only, find "no trace of a beginning, no prospect of an end." Man was not present when the foundations of the universe were laid. He may not preside at its destruction, should such a calamity impend. But scientific knowledge, though incomplete, is solid and practical. The discoveries of science are made by careful moves, perfectly plain to those trained to follow them. In our day no such revelation comes by chance; none comes to contradict much of what has been agreed upon as law, or to discredit existing knowledge. Every step, also, in observation, experiment or induction is tested by hundreds of

Christie

There is nothing uncanny or occult in scientific methods. The "magic wand" which creates new cattle or sheep or new fowls or flowers is held by every breeder. The key which turns the foam of the cataract into the light of a city is possessed by any municipal council. Faith in the reality of things

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about us is the basis of all sound action. The brightness, for example, of a brandy-colored environment can never be trusted, nor can we hand over our lives or fortunes to a world artificially tinged by sentiment, fancy or intuition.

Error is truth denied or imperfectly understood; truth is our working knowledge of the universe. So far as a man's life is not involved, truth and error may be alike to him, provided only that neither of them is to determine his action. In such case, though he may even be powerless to decide between rival claims, it is unimportant that he should do so. "I do not know" is a wise saying of wise men. One may quite safely believe in mahatmas, or elves, or hoodoos or voodooos, in mascots or amulets or incantations, if one does not regulate his life accordingly. A vague faith in protoplasm, bacteria or natural selection or behaviorism or Mendelism will serve him no better if never put to the test. The difference appears when one acts on belief.

Let me make my meaning clear. The nearer one's acquaintance with protoplasm or bacteria, the more real and normal do they appear. Microbes are as natural as cabbages to one engaged in rearing them or in studying their ways; protoplasm is as tangible as oysters or molasses. But the astral body, the telepathic impulse and the clairvoyant vision deliquesce when the light is turned on; they

Winds that Blow from Dreamland

are figments of fancy and their names are simply covers to our ignorance. Such words as Kismet, Karma, Avatar, Nirvana have to be sure a charm in themselves, whether or not they carry meaning. There is a genuine and healthful delight in all fine phrases, so long as they are recognized as belonging to the domain of the imagination and thus do not deceive. Dreams, fancies, analogies make up a worthy part of the "fitful music of winds that out of dreamland blow." Science would not shut out these delightful breezes but it should resist a tendency to turn poetry into prose or into literal directions for the conduct of life. The "pathetic fallacy," whereby rocks and surges, clouds and trees are pictured as in sympathy with or responsible for our joys and sorrows, belongs to literature, not to science. It could be said, I suppose, that much of our best and most delightful poetry is, in fact, choice Sciosophy set to music.

The following stanza from a poem by Henry Howard Brownell well illustrates this point:

For the kindly seasons love us,
They smile over trench and clod;
Where we left the bravest of us
There's a deeper green of the sod,
And a holier calm above us
In the blessed blue of God.

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And this from Walt Whitman:

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with
love.

Or this, by Lord Bacon:

Nothing abides. Thy seas in delicate haze
Go off, their moored sands forsake their place.
And where they are shall other seas in turn
Mow with their scythes of whiteness other bays.

The test of truth as related to human affairs is defined by William James and his followers as *workableness*; will our theories work when applied to actualities? But much which appears workable is plainly not true. Almost every form of Sciosophy is workable, if not worked too hard. To me it seems that a finer test is involved in *livableness*; can one trust his life to his theories? To the extent that one can so do, one is dealing with truth. Not the whole truth nor absolute verity, but with the truth of reality as accessible to him.

Science or knowledge may then be further defined as our human estimate of realities. The impression on our senses is not the thing itself, but there certainly does exist a parallelism between the character of objects in nature and reactions to these objects by the organs of sense and the nervous sys-

Knowledge Rests on Realities

tems of man and other animals. Object and impression run the same course, the one the inevitable effect of the other, with the impression changing as the object may change.

The term reality as used in psychology denotes impressions on the nerve centers due to the impact of external impulse. It is an objective as distinguished from a subjective condition. Subjective appearance of reality, perceived by "the mind's eye" only, may be only illusion. An illusion run down is commonly seen to be merely a fading memory, a continuance of the imprint of a reality after its source has passed away. An untruthful interpretation of an actual reality is a delusion. *Delusion and illusion form the subject-matter of Sciosophy, as reality forms the basis of science.*

I once walked in a garden with a wise little girl to whom I told James Whitcomb Riley's story of "the goblins that get you if you don't watch out." She was not particularly impressed and she said, "There isn't any such thing as a goblin and there isn't ever going to be any." In the spirit of philosophic doubt developed by Bishop Berkeley and affected by Balfour, I answered, "Maybe there isn't any such thing as anything." "Yes, there is"—and she looked about the garden for unquestioned reality—"yes, there *is* such a thing as anything; there is such a thing *as a squash!*"

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In this conclusion of my little girl, the reality of the objective world, the integrity of science and the sanity of man are alike bound up. The distinction between reality and illusion, between fact and fancy, between actuality and dream, between kinship and semblance—each fundamental in human psychology—such distinction is essential in most important details of human conduct. Truth is livable and error is not, a difference which clearly appears in the stress of life.

Men and animals are guided by their recognition of realities. They live by truth. Instinct points out the road ancestors have safely taken; it may be safely taken again so long as conditions remain the same. Intellect has the power to create new conditions, to make new responses to the demands of environment. Of the host of organisms now living on the earth, all individuals are descended from forebears that survived the initial hazards of life. That they have each and all reached a degree of maturity shows that they at least had safe reactions and capacity to size up the situation with substantial accuracy so far as they were themselves concerned. Were it not for this faculty, the human race could never have maintained itself. Furthermore, the sense organs of every animal are so constructed that the realities they grasp are adequate for their inherited needs. For truth, as concerns external

Belief and Make-Believe

things, is not primarily understanding of the things themselves but of their relation to the individual.

The progress of science is necessarily slow. It must test the ground it passes over. It must overcome powerful resistance within and without the minds of its devotees. To ideas acquired in youth we attach a degree of sacredness and for any course of action we are ready to assert some sort of mystic sanction. Much that we have called religion is merely the débris of our grandfather's science. New ideas, lacking the support of tradition, must always struggle for acceptance.

The development of science, therefore, has been a continuous set-to between reality and superstition, between instant impression and traditional interpretation, between truth and make-believe, between investigation and opinion. Results of induction once accepted as science must meet again insurgent scientific opinion, as well as the recrudescence of ancient folly. Men are prone to cling to theory rather than to fact. A theory, moreover, is merely a working hypothesis and *only when every rival hypothesis has ceased to work is it included in the body of science*. Again, while no science can ever be complete, for like all else in the universe it is moving on, it never reclaims ground abandoned by it. Individuals may relapse into ignorance: science never takes a back track!

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Historically, the impact of science drawn from present and significant realities against tradition and prejudice rooted in past experience misunderstood, has assumed the form of a warfare with religion. Not that religion is tied to error, but that men have bolstered up their crude notions of fact with the consensus of their group, and so provided a sort of religious sanction. Thus the progress of knowledge has been marred and obstructed by the physical resistance of organized society to new ideas drawn from the deeper experience and the bolder aspiration of men.

“By the light of burning heretics
Christ’s bleeding feet I track.”*

Galileo, who announced that the earth “does move,” was threatened with the stake that others might not question our globe’s stability. In the contention between “Neptunists” and “Vulcanists” during the last quarter of the eighteenth century Vulcanist scholars, who insisted that granite was not a chemical precipitate but had been modified by heat, felt the weight of social pressure. Any one interested in “the higher criticism” of books regarded by a vast number as the very words of God, and aching to give them the unbiased scrutiny their vast importance deserves, found the

*Lowell.

Strangled Snakes and Infant Science

doors of libraries and universities closed for a time against him. Darwin, who worked out the plain relation of man to his brother animals, was beset by the vain chatter of those to whom whatever is not supernatural seems only profane. "Extinguished theologians," said Huxley, "lie about the cradle of every science, as the strangled snakes beside that of the infant Hercules."

This again, however, is not the whole story. Such incidents are inevitable in human development. Not only theologians lie strangled about the cradle of science, but learned men of all classes and conditions as well. Scholasticism and wisdom are not identical; sometimes they are not even on speaking terms. Scholasticism looks backward to the past; wisdom looks forward to the future.

The warfare of science, moreover, is not primarily (as Draper called it) a conflict with religion nor even (as Andrew D. White would have it) a struggle with dogmatic theology. It is all of these, but it is more than these—a seething of tendencies in the human mind worked out in history. In general, crises are rehearsed in the mind before they are presented on the stage of the world. The issue is thus largely settled beforehand in psychology. Most of us, of necessity, perform deeds and recite sentences "written for us generations before we were born." "He hath his exits and his entrances."

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A rare man, who can give new meaning to his own lines or better cues to one that follows! For it may need a lifetime of severest labor to uncover a fresh fact. It takes years of patience and devotion to ask a genuinely and radically new question. He is already a master in science who can plan a new experiment.

The struggle between science and theology has resulted chiefly because theological misconceptions are entangled with other crude notions; and because of the supposedly greater importance of religious belief in determining the fate of men and nations, theological ideas have tended to mingle with and dominate all others. Therefore, in the nature of things, great religious bodies have formed the stronghold of conservatism against which the separated bands of science have hurled themselves, seemingly in vain.

From some phase of the "warfare of science" no individual is wholly exempt. Yet more and more adown the ages men have come to trust a present fact, or group of facts, as opposed to tradition and mere opinion. There is no better antidote to bigotry than a study of the growth of knowledge, no chapter in history more encouraging than that which treats of the spread of open-mindedness.

Throughout the history of thought, the side that seems weakest is, in the long run, the winner, having

Tradition and Science

the backing of the universe. The effort of the human mind has continuously been to relate itself to realities in the midst of tradition and superstition; and Nature, however complex, never contradicts herself, is never mysterious. As a result, all past systems of philosophy, if not all possible systems, have been thrown into the realm of literature. They can no longer dogmatically control human action, each forward step necessarily taking its departure from present fact. In the struggle of tradition against science, the real and timely in act and motive have striven to replace the unreal and obsolete. To live here and now as a man should live constitutes the ethics of science. This ideal has been in constant antithesis to the ethics of ecclesiasticism, of asceticism, and of militarism, as well as to the fancies of the various groups of "intellectual malcontents to whom the progress of science seems slow and laborious."

Yet despite all impediment, science wins its way, forcing the civilized world to acknowledge a good many things not accepted and often not anticipated. We now understand, for example, that the stars are not pinholes in the celestial floor through which the rain at times drips down upon us, that the sky is not lighted by the flames of hell into which the sun daily sinks, that planets are not "carried back and forth by angels" but by gravitation, that light and heat

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both come from the sun, that a comet has its orbit and appears on its own business, not ours, that the earth is not the immovable center of the universe; that the antipodes are really inhabited by real people; that scores of thousands of air-breathing animals (besides insects) could not foregather in pairs in the ark, that fossil cockle-shells are not evidence of a "Universal Flood," nor did they drop from the hats of Crusaders; that the Lord is not appeased by burnt offerings of lambs or of men; that lunatics are not possessed by a devil nor yet struck by moonbeams, that the moon seen over the left shoulder will not bring bad luck; that the cure of scrofula is not found in the touch of a king, that no divinity indeed doth hedge a king, nor even the state; that earthquakes can not be warded off by church-going or other exemplary acts; that not every old woman alleged to have been riding through the air on a broom-stick is a witch, nor that she can make children throw fits, nor a cow give bloody milk; that mice are not generated in a bag of oats; that not even "a little silver crucifix" can "keep a man from harm"; that the future is not determined by the disposition of a goat's entrails nor by the leaves in a teacup, that we can not foretell the future, if at all, except by understanding the past; that ignorance and superstition are perilous as guides to conduct, and that only the truth makes free!

Three Duties of Science

All our present ideas concerning these matters and a thousand more are results of patient scientific research unbiased by "wishful thinking" and unimpeded by tradition or intolerance.

The function and duty of science is in the main threefold. Applied science harnesses for humanity the forces of nature, a matter scarcely dreamed of in Greek or Indian philosophy. Science again must furnish sound criteria for the conduct of life; on it must rest the art of ethics. Thirdly, it must exalt and expand the human mind itself.

Applied science includes all phases of engineering and of sanitation. It has conferred upon men a freedom and an effectiveness possible solely by setting knowledge to work. Not only has it secured the conquest of the globe, it has also extended the life period and increased the personal happiness of millions of individual men.

Right living can fall back on no authority other than science. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" is the practical basis of personal ethics. We must not trust to impulse nor instincts for the power to control and to discriminate among these is the function of intelligence. We can not rely on religion alone, for sentiments of awe, reverence and duty may be sadly overlaid by superstition. Superstition is believing or trying to believe what we should

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know is not true. It is for science to expose superstition and to disentangle religion from its meshes. In the story of mankind there is no crime so hideous that it has not been committed with a clear conscience. The history of intolerance amply confirms this assertion.

The highest function of science is to broaden and exalt the human mind. Its field is the universe; it deals equally, as well as may be, with the incredibly great and the almost infinitely little. Man can reach a minor part, not a fraction but the tangible edge of a universe in which there is neither great nor small. We stand on the threshold of a new century, a new century of science, a century in which the excursions into reality shall far exceed those of all centuries which have preceded it, a century the glories of which even the most cautious of scientific men dare not forecast. And this twentieth century is but one—the least, most likely—of the many hastening to take their place in the development of knowledge. Each will behold a great increase of accuracy in every branch, a great widening of the horizon of human thought, a great improvement in the conditions of human life, as enlightened purpose, intelligence and precision rise to be more and more the controlling factors.

The history of science suggests the analogy of the pure stream often found trickling down by the

The Courage of Convictions

side of a glacier which bears on its surface, and deposits in the river born of it, a great load of rock and mud. The clear fountain yields truth. The river carries its burden of inchoate truth and error, the half-knowledge and organized "floundering in the mire of deceptive analogies."

One fundamental distinction between science and Sciosophy may here be briefly emphasized. It is frequently said of an individual that "he has the courage of his convictions," when we only mean that he sticks to his prejudices without any real convictions at all. It is easier to fight for tradition, fancy or opinion than for vindicated truth. Conviction, also, must depend in some measure on science. The results of tried and tested human experience give to humanity all its actual knowledge, and on such results alone can it trust. Any one may possess and cherish intuitions, hopes, opinions or prejudices on any subject whatsoever. Among these, by some degree of scientific method only, can one reach a solid basis of truth on which to attain the actual *courage of convictions*. To this, to quote from Huxley, "no authority could either add one jot or take away one tittle, and the traditions of a thousand years are of no more significance than the hearsay of yesterday."

CHAPTER XI

SEARCH FOR THE MASTER KEY OF THE UNFATHOMED UNIVERSE

*Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.*—TENNYSON.

Praised be the fathomless Universe!

*See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.*
—WALT WHITMAN.

All the jumbling of atoms, all the chances you can suppose for it, could not bring the parts of the Universe into their present order, nor continue them in the same nor cause the organization of a flower or a fly.—TOLAND.

A MASTER key opens all locks and solves all problems. Recent advances in knowledge have raised the question among certain scientific men as to which branch of research will first give us “the master key to the universe.” Shall we find it in astronomy or in physics? Does the clue to Infinity lie with the inconceivably great or in the impalpably small?

The Marvel that Anything Exists

The astronomer points to the heavens crowded with stars, their visible number increasing a hundredfold after each improvement in the telescope. Through instruments and methods of precision, one of the most helpful of the latter being mathematics, we have learned that every luminous point is a mighty sun, blazing in illimitable distances, its light taking thousands on thousands of years to reach us across the cold, apparently empty, intervening space. We have also found out how far away a few of the nearest are; and of these one can measure the size, even to a million times the substance of our sun. We can furthermore analyze their composition and discover what degree of heat they radiate,—some at least thrice that of our sun. We can guess, but probably never find out with certainty, whether living organisms exist on any of the non-luminous planets which may (unknown to us) revolve around them. Nor can we be sure whether our planets or any others have been thrown off from a central orb, or been coaxed off from the sun by a too close approach of some giant intruder, or perchance been picked up by the sun in the whirl through space, as the earth picks up meteorites. Nor do we know if our solar system is cooling off, running down like an unwound watch to end in cold stagnation; nor are we sure that it is not still in process of heating up for more cosmic adventures.

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The better aided our vision, the more stars we see. Is there any end to the mighty series at the center of which our earth seems to us to stand? Probably, indeed, no other point has a better claim to such position, for Infinity has neither center nor circumference. One can not even conceive of an end to space, or a limitation in the number of stars space may contain. Nor can we, on the other hand, conceive of its having no limit. All that we know may be included in Infinity, yet form no fraction of it, because a fraction means limitation of the whole. Neither is the problem eased by the unscientific presumption that the Universe itself may be a sphere, and that all outward motion, actual or fancied, in its range, would be like a line on the earth which, if pushed far enough, returns on itself. An ant traveling over the surface of the globe has been suggested as an illustration of this hypothesis. A grasshopper might refute it.

A like paradox appears in the case of time: "time is as long as space is wide." By this declaration Professor Hutton of Edinburgh startled the Scottish theologians of the eighteenth century. Space had steadily widened on their hands, but they still clung to the idea of a wicked and short-lived world, "a sink of iniquity," unlike the unsullied stars, created not long before and soon to pass away "in planetary combustion." Hutton, however, saw

Has Time a Limit or Has Space?

in its structure "no trace of a beginning; no prospect of an end." As a matter of fact, inspection of the geologic configuration of our globe plainly shows that its hard crust was inconceivably old, hoary with age, before life of any kind appeared on it.

What then of the sequences we call time? What happened one year or a hundred years before time began? What will happen a year or a hundred years after it shall end? How, indeed, could it have beginning or end?

That time as well as space means Infinity has led some to regard the two as identical. In the assumptions which make up algebra, this may be true. But with our own eyes we can see a tangible bit of time, a sample—not a fraction, for Infinity is indivisible—to be quite unlike a sample of space. Ten hours can not be balanced against ten miles.

The point is this: in the majestic whirl of astronomy in which cosmic order seems the one dominant feature, do we get a glimpse of the heart of the Infinite? Do we find here the master key which shall tell us "what God and man is"?

The students of microphysics, in making their plea, are not less strenuous than the astronomers. "Large" and "small" are relative terms only. Each of us brings what he knows to the measure of

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a man. But in the almost infinitely (never quite infinitely) small, the phenomena of orderly change on which all scientific conception must be based are just as tangible as suns and planets. The molecule, as we used to describe it, is composed of atoms—that which “can not be cut,” as the Greek term signifies. But the skilful experimenter now cuts up his atom into electrons, each atom being considered as a minute planetary system with its own central nucleus and its revolving electrons, each with its own acceleration and retardation under influences of heat or electricity,—if indeed an electron is not itself a figment of electricity. In this view the expanse of the universe is conceived as “a restless, troubled sea,” though one in which reigns a majestic cosmic order.

There is a disposition among physicists to regard theirs as an exact science, because its units, so far as we know, are alike and invariable. Accordingly they submit to be counted or measured; and for purposes of science, a thousand electrons are just a thousand electrons. They seem to have no individuality, and for that matter, except for difference in bulk and station, we can detect little individuality in planets or stars. The spectroscope discloses in them the very same elements that make up our earth.

Does Life Transcend Chemistry?

Let us now search for our master key in biology, the realm of the inconceivably variable. The make-up of animals and plants, to be sure, lies within the range of the science of chemistry also, though their essential quality, that of being "going concerns," seems to transcend chemistry. Their substance is subject to physical laws; but they have in addition *functional organization* which planets, molecules and electrons do not possess. And in the survey of organization we find an array of marvels, subject to constant variation in time and space, beyond the capacity of suns or electrons, even while the activities of life are conditioned by both. A million germ-cells or a million organisms are therefore not to be pigeonholed together. Hence the partial failure of all attempts at biometrics or numerical estimates of life.

Whether or not there exists an extra physical or vital force, a matter which (as Doctor Brooks used to say) "we shall never know until we find out," one recognizes certain features of organized life which contrast sharply with those of unorganized matter. With organization, for example, we have *individuality*, no two individuals being actually alike; we also observe *irritability*—response to external stimulus; *metabolism*—waste and the need of food; *reproduction*—the casting off of matured cells to form new individuals, including, moreover, the fact

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of sex and its varied ramifications; *mortality*, under its phases of growth, maturity and death; and *evolution*, the capacity to develop new forms through the normal processes of *heredity* and *variation*, controlled by the directive or obstructive influences of *selection* and *segregation*.

More marvelous than gravity or chemical affinity, and even more illusive still than the visible phenomena of organic existence is the development of the hidden powers in the cells cast off for reproduction. Bound up with the structure of microscopic chromosomes of the cell-nucleus, in some inscrutable fashion, are the traits of ancestry which tend to make each living being, under similar circumstances, react to life as did its ancestors,—the fact of double parentage operating to provoke or insure constant change from generation to generation.

One illustration out of thousands occurs to me as I write. In the warmer parts of the Pacific lives a genus of large mackerel-like fish, the oceanic bonito, called in the South Seas *aku* or *atu*; in Japan, *katsuwo* or victor-fish. These fishes travel about in mighty hordes, one ninety-six miles long having been reported as passing Hawaii. They cast their minute, translucent and thus almost invisible spawn in the open sea, the egg-cells carrying a bit of food-yolk to feed the developing young, the sperm-cells being without yolk and therefore micro-

Heredity of Katsuonus Vagans

scopic but each having a rudder-like tail and moving about by the million, yet soon to die in enormous numbers, wasted like the wind-blown pollen of the pine.

Each quiescent egg-cell and each wandering sperm-cell carries the hereditary tendencies of his race—to develop a backbone, gills and fins, to take a fish-like shape which in time will assume the mackerel traits of thin scales, teeth, skeleton and all the other details. Development, however, depends upon the union of sperm and egg, without which both speedily die. That union accomplished, the embryo, feeding on other invisible plankton, begins to show the special traits of its genus, the chief one being a peculiar interlocking of certain vertebral processes. Later each little fish takes on the distinctive form and the four long, curved, black stripes of its particular species. Lastly, no two individuals, no two germ cells for that matter, being ever exactly alike, a small degree of variation from all its fellows appears in each completed *aku* or victor-fish.

A similar illustration could be drawn from the life history of any animal or plant, though usually on a smaller numerical scale. Yet the pollen in the pine woods of Michigan, carried by the wind and beaten down by rains, covering ponds with what is called “sulphur,” presents the same phenomenon. Each pollen grain and each ovule in the maturing

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cone dies unless mated. Every pair thus mated bears in its nucleus a composite image of its own kind of pine tree, to be developed at last as a complex of the two.

It was in a living plant of "the crannied wall" that Tennyson sought for the master key. It is perhaps infinitely beyond our reach; but in the organization of living matter we may at least come as near to the understanding we seek as through the sublimity of the universe or through its minutest atoms. Still another thought arises. No tiniest organism lives to itself alone. In the conjugation of cells in one-celled creatures, and in the aggregation of cells by which complex forms have been gradually evolved, we recognize a process of harmonious co-operation which ascends in continuous series to the incalculable complexity of the human brain.

In such a cooperation toward common ends or to meet common needs, even among the lowest animals, we note the stirrings of the abiding principle of altruism. This reaches its human height in family love. The broadening and intensification of altruism is as much inherent in the universe as the movement of planets or electrons. Do we then find in love the master key?

Tyndall somewhere asks the question as to whether he knows all that can be known about the

No Master Key Within Our Reach

formation of a crystal. Have we already had the last word concerning even this relatively simple process? Have we indeed had the last word concerning anything in the universe? Huxley asserts that "nothing endures save the flow of energy and the rational intelligence that pervades it." Can we define—can all humanity define—this "rational intelligence"? While the imaginations of every race have been busy in describing God's attributes, stating these in terms of human experience, is not His essence inscrutable, inconceivable, unknowable? Is He not infinite? Who grasps Infinity? Can we coherently try to compass the source of all being, of all energy, of all order? "Canst thou by searching find out God?" On the other hand, can we conceive of His non-existence? In view of all we know or see or feel, can we assume that no rational intelligence lies in it or behind it? Huxley, impatient with conventional orthodoxy and with conventional pessimism, says bluntly:

"I am utterly unable to conceive the existence of matter, if there is no mind to feature that existence. . . . The problem of the ultimate cause of existence is one which seems to me hopelessly out of reach of my poor powers. Of all the senseless babble . . . the demonstrations of these philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if they were not sur-

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passed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God."

Asa Gray remarked:

"I confidently expect that in the future, even more than in the past, faith in an order, which is the basis of science, will not be dissevered from faith in an Ordainer, which is the basis of religion."

It is plain that neither in "systematic theology" nor in science has the last word been said. In astronomy, in physics, in life, in space, in time, in thought, we find ourselves baffled in the face of Infinity. The master key that shall unlock all doors which open toward the Center, no man has yet found. It too must lie within the gates of Infinity!

THE END

